CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 111,000.

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WEEKLY TOLEDO BLADE

"NASBY IN EXILE."

See Fifth Page.

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Poetry.

COME!

(This, the last poem written by the late Rose Terry Cooke, is taken from the New York Independent.)

My sweetheart! my loveling! you darkened all the day,
When from my silent dwelling your footsteps turned away;
The morn was dark as midnight, the noonday sad as dawn,
The milk-white daisies drooped their heads along the dewy lawn.

My darling! my dearest! I sought the garden round,
But never in a blossom your precious face I found,
No rose was red beside your lips, no lily like your throat,
No sound or thrilling of your voice in any thrush's note.

Ah! what is like your eyes, dear? gay sparkles of the sea,
So clear and crystal shining their beryl glances be;
And where is any flower of all that may compare
With the softly dancing glitter of the sunshine in your hair?

Alone through lingering daytime I listen for your feet,
Those springing steps no longer along the pathway beat;
I hear the dewdrops rustle in the branches overhead,
But home and you together for many a day have fled.

My life is sad and weary, too dark with pain and pain,
But your dear eyes would bring its light and gladness back again.
My soul is tired of desert sands, bereft of cheer and balm,
For you were like the diamond spring beneath its lonely palm.

Come back, come back, my darling!
Across the spaces hear!
Come light this night of grief and gloom,
my Hesper shining clear;
Not long have I to linger, not long to call or cry;
Come back, my treasure! come, my heart, and bless me e'er I die!

SHE WILL AND SHE WON'T.

When you go back to town
Will you remember all those pleasant days,
Those dreamy wanderings through woodland ways,
Those pauses underneath the shady boughs,
Those soft hand pressures, those impassioned vows,
When you go back to town?

When you go back to town
Will you recall the voices of the sea
Bearing such happiness to you and me,
Bidding us plunge into the waves' embrace,
Cheek close to cheek and arms that interlace,
When you go back to town?

When you go back to town
Will any memories of one starry night,
Which brought to us its guerdon of delight,
Dwell with you, dear—how in one moment we
Drank bliss enough for all eternity,
When you go back to town?

When you go back to town
And see me selling priceless Paris lace,
Will you disdainfully avert your face,
Or will you smile when my glad smile you mark,
And whisper love, though I'm a dry goods clerk,
When you go back to town?

When you go back to town
And see me walking with my wife and son,
Will you wish all we did had been undone?
Or will you tell your dating husband we
Are quite the pink of high gentility,
When you go back to town?
—Daniel O'Connell in the San Francisco News Letter.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

Dear radiant flower, so willingly
By stony roadside growing,
And from the lonely pasture knolls
Its glints of glory throwing!
Dear, hardy sod, that will not keep
The sunlight it has treasured,
Although its gainful time must be
So soon and shortly measured!

The frailer blossoms fall away
From brooksides and from meadows,
As though they felt, for all the chill
Of autumn's hastening shadows,
Few daisies grace the aftermath—
By clicking mowers banished—
The dandelion's starry gold
In floating films has vanished.

But straightway from the barren sods,
Pierced through by hoary ledges,
And thickly on the worn-out land
That richer acres edges,
Wherever chance or sloth has left,
Uncared for, vacant places,
Brave, ready, glad, the golden-rod
The lonesome dearth effaces.

The bending orchard boughs display
Their fruitage, early mellow;
The drooping wheat-stocks show the grains
By sun and dew-falls yellowed;
Yet, bordering their fertile slopes,
May well be spared from sowing
The fallow soil with rare, fine hand lates
The golden-rod is glowing!
—Olive E. Dana, in Augusta Journal.

A LITTLE PARABLE.

I made the cross myself, whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought adds anguish as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.
To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.
If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have built a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!
—Anna Reeve Aldrich.

Miscellany.

A BOSTON GIRL.

She Didn't Like a Cow and was Afraid of a Mouse, but She Saved a Hunter From Death.

Up here in the hills it's queer about gals, ain't it?" said the stage driver as we left Elko with a party of six young women inside who were "doing" the West in a crowd at excursion rates, says a writer in the New York Herald.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, now'll they run from a cow, and yet show more nerve in a pinch than most any man."

"Is that the case?"

"I found it so about four years ago," he replied as he turned to face me. "Guess you ain't looked at me very clus or you'd be askin' what had happened."

I had not given him a second look, but now that I got a fair sight of his face I held up my hands in horror. The right eye was gone, one corner of the mouth cut down to the chin and his cheeks were a mass of scars. The flesh lay up in ridges, and there was a horrible scar across the forehead.

"Why, man, you must have got tangled up with a buzz saw?" I said as he opened the front of his shirt and exhibited even worse scars.

"A leetle wuss nor that, stranger," he replied with a shake of the head. "I got tangled up with a grizzly b'ar. I'm scars from head to heel. Nobody expected me to pull through, but the Lord was on my side fur once."

"Tell me about it."

"Thar' ain't much to tell. It's mostly in the feelin' instead of in the happenin'. You see, I was drivin' fur the hotel back thar' that summer—takin' excursion parties up to the mountains and springs and trout streams—and about every week thar'd be women or gals along. I'm a rough old chap, without kith or kin, and I don't mind sayin', I was allus down on 'tother sex 'till this yere calamity happened. Sorter seemed to me that gals didn't know nuthin' except how to giggle, and they was the sort of critters you'd have to treat like so much wax. I used to run a wheel over a rock on purpose to skeer 'em half to death, and if they asked me questions, or wanted to be friendly, I bluffed 'em off. Now and then what they calls a bridal couple would come along, and I felt mighty sorry fur the husband fur gittin' sich baggage tied to him. Mebbe you've felt that way?"

Well, hardly."

"That's because you wasn't a fool, while I was! If anybody had told me that one o' them gals knowed a fir tree from a cottonwood, or had the nerve to face a kyote, I'd have called him a liar. One day the Lord opened my eyes. In attin' em' open I got one shet forever. I took a party of five gals—all from the East—who were in charge of one of 'em's father, up to the mountains to fish fur trout. Arter a while they got scattered, and I was lyin' in the shade and thinkin' how much better it would be if thar was more jack rabbits an' fewer gals, when sumthin growled in my ear. I knowed what it was afore I jumped up to face one of the ugliest grizzlies you ever set eyes on. He'd been wounded by some hunter, and thar was a great patch of blood on his side. He'd been lyin' clus in the bushes and rocks along the creek, and the shouts and giggles of them gals had routed him out and got his dander up.

"Were you armed?" I asked, as he paused for a minute.

"Sartin'. I had a gun and a knife. I allus go heeled for a scrimmage, but I never had one afore or since. I yelled out when I saw what it was, and went fur my revolver. Old Ephraim hauled off and broke my right arm with one cuff. Then I started to run and I heard the gals screamin', and the next thing I knowed I was down and the b'ar on top of me. It was while I was lyin' on the ground that I got out my knife with my left hand. The man with the gals was from Boston, or around thar' somewhar'. I guess he had a gun, but he did jest as most any other man would—tried to run off the gals while the b'ar was busy with me. Leastwise, I never blamed him fur doin' as he did."

"And they left you alone?"

"I thought they had, and old Ephraim thought so, too, fur he quit lookin' their way and began to feed on my carcass. I swiped him with the knife across the nose, and as he drew off I jumped up and made a run fur it. No go. He was arter meat, and he overtook and downed me agin. I did the best I could with a knife in my left hand, but I was only a rag in his clutches. He was usin' teeth and claws on me, when somebody, who was purty close by, called out:

"'I'm here, and I've got your gun! Hold up and let me get a shot.'

"I heard four shots afore I fainted away, and I knowed the bar was dead, fur he wilted right down on my legs. It was half an hour arter that afore I cum to and found one gal holdin' my head in her lap and the other splashin' water over me and bindin' up my hurts. The man was no good. He was skeered stiff, but the gals was doin' the right thing."

"And what had happened?"

"Wall, justly, my gun got out of the holster in the scrimmage. Nextly, that Boston gal had the pluck to come out of the crowd and pick it up. Lastly, while Old Ephraim was so tarnal busy with me that he didn't know what was any one else in the Territory, she cum up and shoved the muzzle agin his head and fired the hull six bullets into his brain. I've got 'em right here in an old terbacker box, jest as they war' dug out, and I kin show ye his head and claws in a barroom at Elko. That gal wasn't but eighteen years old, and she wore glasses and had gold in her teeth, and when we started out that day I wouldn't hev trusted a rabbit pelt fur two gals like her."

"Well?"

"Wall, thar' wasn't any tom-foolery romance," he replied after a long sigh. "The party went away next day, and I've never seen one o' 'em since. I tried to thank the gal fur what she did, but I was so bit and clawed and chawed and broke up that I couldn't git the words out straight. She said she was sorry fur the accident, and sorry she didn't git to me sooner, and that was all, except that it took me a year to get well."

"And have you never heard from her since?"

"Wall, you know," he replied, as he wriggled around in an uneasy way, "when I got up I kinder thought she'd be glad to git a few relics of the kentry hereabouts, and I got together a lot of fancy stones and minerals and petrifi d things and Injun curiosities and sent 'em on to Boston. She writ back to say as how she was pleased and to ask how I got along, and—and—"

"Come, now—what else? You are keeping something back!"

"You won't laugh at me?"

"Of course not."

"Won't tell the boys that I'm soft in the head?"

"No, no!"

"Wall, you hold the lines a minute." And after a deal of fumbling about in the bosom of his flannel shirt he brought out a parcel wrapped in oilskin. There was more fumbling about to unwrap it, for the bear had chewed off or crippled most of his fingers; but by and by he accomplished it and held up a photograph—the photograph of a typical "Boston gal."

"She's the one!" he whispered, as I took it from his grudging hands. "I shan't never see her again, and I'm nuthin' but a rough old cuss fit to mate with wolves, but lemme tell you thar hain't money 'nuff in all this land to buy that of me! I've carried it fur three years, and I'll carry it to my death, and when the boys plant me that's going to be laid right here on my busum and be kivered in with my carcass!"

And by and by, after we had driven for a mile or two in silence, his hand went up in a suspicious way to his eye and he said:—

"Queer about gals, ain't it? Jest hear how them angels inside is enjoyin' themselves!"

It is Hard to Suit Some Women

"Your wife is going back to her mother. What is the trouble?"

"Well, a few days ago I told her I had seen Mrs. McFlimsey on the street and she asked me what she had on and I couldn't tell her. She called me a fool and said I never took notice of anything. I met Mrs. McFlimsey again next day and begged that she would give me a description of her costume, as my wife wanted to know what she had on. She very kindly did so, and I wrote it down and took it home and read it to my wife. She asked me where I got it, and I told her I asked Mrs. McFlimsey for it for her satisfaction. She at once flew into a passion and started to pack up her things, saying she would never live with such a fool of a man as I am. I tell you it's mighty hard to suit a woman. She called me a fool because I could not describe Mrs. McFlimsey's dress, and after I went to the trouble of getting a description at first hand I was more of a fool than ever. It's pretty hard, I tell you."—New York Press.

A Child's Question.

Children will ask puzzling and sometimes mortifying questions. In "Ethics for Young People" Prof. C. C. Everett tells of a question he asked when a small boy. He says:

A lady was talking to me about easily besetting sins. She said that her "besetting sin" was pride. I looked at her in innocent wonder and exclaimed, "Why, what have you to be proud of?" I saw at once by her confusion that I had made a very impudent and unlucky speech.

We cannot ask this question of others; but if any one who is disposed to be proud should ask himself the question, "What have you to be proud of?" and answer it truly, it might do him good.—Texas Siftings.

Oh!

Sanford—Our pastor has court-plaster on his nose to-day. Do you know what is the matter with him?

Merton—He got hurt in a low dive at Coney Island yesterday.

Sanford—Oh, Merton, I do not believe it!

Merton—But it's true. He tried to dive deep at low tide and scraped his nose on the stones.
—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Teaching 'Em History.

A member of the city council of Paris has introduced a proposition to have lessons of history and biography impressed on the public mind by having them printed on the enameled signs at the corners, which now merely give the names of the streets.

A MODERN CLIVE.

An Eton Youth Who Did Not Flinch Before a Texas Gambler's Gun.

There was a little English boy who left San Antonio before I had reached it, but whose name and fame remained behind him. He was 18 years age, and just out of Eton, whre he had spent all his pocket-money in betting on the races through commissioners. Gambling was his ruling passion at an age when ginger-pop and sweets appealed more strongly to his contemporaries. His people sent him to Texas with £400 to buy an interest in a ranch, and furnished him with a complete outfit of London-made clothing. An Englishman who saw the boy's box told me he had noted the different garments packed carefully away, just as his mother had placed them, and each marked with his name. The Eton boy lost the £400 at roulette in the first week after his arrival in San Antonio, and pawned his fine clothes in the next to "get back." He lost all he ventured. At the end of ten days he was peddling fruit around the streets in his bare feet. He made 25 cents the first day and carried it to the gambling-house where he had already lost his larger fortune, and told one of the dealers he would cut the cards with him for the money. The boy cut first and the dealer won, but the other was enough of a gambler to see that the dealer had stooped to win his last few pennies unfairly. The boy's eyes filled up with tears of indignation.

"You thief!" he cried, "you cheated me!"

The dealer took his revolver from the drawer of the table, and, pointing it at his head, said: "Do you know what we do to people who use that word in Texas? We kill them!"

The boy clutched the table with both hands and flung himself across it, so that his forehead touched the barrel of the revolver. "You thief!" he repeated,

"YOU THIEF! YOU CHEATED ME."

and so shrilly that every one in the room heard him. "I say you cheated me!"

The gambler lowered the trigger slowly and tossed the pistol back in the drawer. Then he picked up a $10 gold piece and shoved it towards him.

"Here," he said, "that'll help take you home. You're too —— tough for Texas."—Harper's Weekly.

SPOUSE OF A SPOOK.

A Doctor's Divorced Wife Expects to Wed a Ghost.

Mrs. Esther Augur labors under a very peculiar hallucination, which the following story leads up to and explains:

Dr. Augur, a few years ago, was a flourishing physician in Grand Rapids, but had domesetic troubles, he and his wife accusing each other of infidelity. These dissensions culminated in the wife's obtaining a divorce with alimony of $2,000, which she has never realized, as the doctor went to Chicago about a year ago, and all attempts to make him pay up have proven futile.

Pending obtaining the divorce Mrs. Augur frequently borrowed sums of money from the late Julius Houseman, and a mortgage on her $500 piano was given to him on August 14, 1890, for $30 and interest at 7 per cent. On Tuesday D. M. Amberg seized the instrument. It appears such a harsh and cruel foreclosure that, happening to be in the neighborhood, a Detroit Sun reporter called on Mrs. Augur at her home on Spring street, and was astounded to find her taking a most extraordinary view of the matter. It appears that when Mr. Houseman lent her the money he said that "if he ever took the piano he would take the woman with it." This she construed into a desire to marry her and imagines that the piano being seized by Amberg is a sort of a link between her and Mr. Houseman.

She veritably believes that he is coming on earth again to consummate the union with her. There is no doubt about the woman being demented, for, although well educated and a fluent talker, she gets off some of the strangest ideas imaginable.

There are two younger daughters at home, and the eldest, who is only 11 years of age, cried bitterly when the piano was taken away. Mr. Amberg says he took the piano to protect her, but it is a queer sort of protection.

She has a son 18 years old, but he has left home and is now working in Detroit, but his address is not known. Her landlord has a mortgage on the furniture, which is of considerable value, and she has dissipated her most valuable jewelry, including some high-priced diamonds, one of which she says is now in the possession of Mr. Amberg.

COWLESS AND WOMANLESS.

"Where There Is a Woman There Will be Mischief."

St. Columba left Ireland in the year 563 with a dozen companions, and on the evening of Whit Monday, 1371 years ago exactly, landed on the island of Iona, one of the Hebrides, which is remarkable for two reasons, i. e.: from the fact that St. Columba banished cows and women from its sacred confines, and also because of the different ways the name of the island has been spelled.

During the thousand years following the close of the sixth century, says the Detroit Sun, the name was variously rendered as I, Ii, Ia, Io, Eo, Hy, Hi, Hii, Hie, Hio, Hu, Hue, Huy, Huy, Hiu, Y and Yi. It is also known as Icormkill, I-columb-kille and Hii-colim-kille, besides Iona, which is believed to be a misnomer, it being thought that the "n" should be a "u."

When Columba landed on this particular Hebride he gave orders that no cow or woman should be admitted. "Because," he argued, "wherever there is a cow there will be a woman, and where there is a woman there will be mischief."

To this day the chief reasons why the tourists visit Iona in such numbers is because it is known to tradition as "The Cowless and Womanless Isle."

Smelt the Acoustics.

One evening at the Grand opera house in Gloversville, "Miss Osborne's Grand Metropolitan Company," of which no one had ever heard, played a horrible piece, ostensibly by Sardou, of which probably Sardou had never heard. Next to a burly native, who was painfully absorbed in the tragedy (says the New York Sun), sat a New York drummer, who could understand very little on account of the poor architecture of the house. Turning to his neighbor, the drummer remarked, "I find the acoustics ver bad, don't you?" "Yes, it is rather bad to-night," he replied, sniffing the air; "you see it comes from the tanneries in the neighborhood. In hot weather the smell is worse than at other times." He again turned his attention to the stage and left the drummer to his reflections.

A Medical Horse.

In Maine a physician made gestures when giving a nurse directions for a patient, and his horse, noticing them from the street, made straight for the window, thinking himself called to share in the consultation. He broke several pares of glass before he could be controlled.

MAKING FUN OF THE HOUSE.

A Venerable Jersey Man's Amusing Skit on the Congressional Circus.

Thomas Dunn English, of New Jersey, now nearly 80 years of age, and whom many people will recognize as the author of "Ben Bolt," that sweet song that has charmed many an audience, is having some fun in his own quiet way at the expense of the disorder existing in the House of Representatives during the past few days, says the St. Louis Republic. The other day Mr. English worked off the following, which may be of interest to the people at large:

Great Federal Circus.

Uncle Sdham, the proprietor of this famous place of entertainment, announces the programme of performances on the last day of the season; unique and well worthy of patronage. The greatest show on earth. Kingmaster, Blount, of Georgia, who has been engaged at great expense, and leaves his vocation of conducting the affairs of the universe to boss the clowns for this day only.

Clowns—Too numerous to mention. Chin music by a large orchestra, led by Signor Holmani, from the Lawrenceburg opera house.

The performance will open with the celebrated feat of McMillin riding his two trained horses, Democracy and Farmers' Alliance. The horses are barebacked and the performance will be "bareface." Grand performance on the tight rope called "Public Opinion," by General Confusion, General Folly, and General Absurdity, if the troupe don't break.

A solo and chorus improved from "Macbeth."

Hecate—Mr. Bailey.
Witches—Messrs. Kilgore, Watson and Butler.
Hecate—
When house bills without number
Record desks and the tables cumber
Waking members from their slumber,
What shall we do?
Witches—
Ob—ject.
Ob—ject.
Ect—ect.
Ob—ject.

Athletic performance—Swinging the mace, by Mr. Ike Hill.

Contortions on the Republican side of the circus by the Japanese wonder, Tomread, accompanied by Signor Dockery on the nine-tooth comb.

Recitations by Mr. Bingham, of Pennsylvania; the only time his voice will be heard this season.

The clown will enliven the occasion by reading extracts from the Congressional Record. The Speaker will sing his original comic song, which he has given ten times daily during the season, with a chorus by the entire troupe.

Speaker—
The House will pel-lease be in order;
Confusion is too great in the place;
I'll send, if the members don't stop it,
The sergeant-at-arms with a mace.
He'll send.
If the members don't stop it,
The sergeant-at-arms with a mace.

Rev. Mr. English, from New Jersey, where the angels live, will say his prayers (backward) and pronounce a benediction.

Admission, nothing; children, half-price. Choicest seats will be reserved in the gallery for our Afro-American patrons.

WANTED TO SEE VICTORIA.

Old Martha Ricks, the Liberian Negress, Who Went to Windsor.

The one life-ambition of Martha Ricks, a Liberian negress, aged 76 years, was too see and talk to England's queen. While still young, shortly after her father had purchased her freedom from slavery in the United States and taken her to Liberia, she told people what she wanted to do, and as years went by and England was still 3,500 miles away, folks joked her about it. But she saved and saved and saved. Her husband died and left her alone on the African farm, but she worked on and dreamed and hoped.

MARTHA RICKS.

Bit by bit, too, there was growing under her hands a wondrous quilt of white satin, designed by herself, to display the coffee tree of Liberia, with its brown trunk, green leaves and ripening berries. Stitch by stitch grew the gift for the white queen, and coin by coin the hoard increased that should pay the cost of her journey.

Then at last the tale of stitches and of coins was complete and Aunt Martha was ready to go.

During fifty years Aunt Martha struggled and saved for the one day she spent at Windsor castle. The queen received her graciously, and she lunched with the royal family and was shown the treasures of the palace. She will have great stories to tell when she gets back to Liberia.

A TALE OF THE OZARKS.

Weird Spanish Legend That Houdoos a Rich Mine.

The Ozark mountains of Missouri present a field for lovers of the curious which is not to be found this side of Old Mexico. This whole country was at one time under the domination of the Spanish, when they first explored this part of the continent, and their relics are to be found all over the hills in the shaps of excavations and old mines, and in many instances their very tools are to be found just where they left them 100 or 200 years ago, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. But it is not only their relics and tools that are left as a reminder of the Spanish explorers, they have left legends and stories which have been handed down with implicit faith from generation to generation until they have become part of the history of the country.

About eighteen miles southwest of Galena is an old Spanish mine which is reputed to be rich with gold and silver as well as with lead, and no man has ever had the temerity to work the mine on account of the story which is attached to it, and the certain uncanny feeling which is said to overcome any one who dares to profane the place with his presence. The story is that in this mine great riches were found by seven men who were so overcome by their good fortune that they could not agree as to the division of the find, but each was eager to have the whole for himself, and the result was that one by one they were killed by their companions until but one man was left, and then it is related that during the night he was set upon by the whole ghostly band and was choked to death by the spirits of the men he had helped to murder.

Greater Than a King or Prince.

Countryman—I reckon they're makin' all that fuss over some great prince or king from some foreign country, ain't they?

Stranger—You're away off, Mr. Hayseed; they're giving a welcome to a Yankee bicycle rider who has just broken the record in England.—Texas Siftings.

Noah's Joke.

"Provisions are running pretty low, pop," said Shem on the thirtieth day out. "What are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know," said Noah, with a wink at Japhet, "unless we eat Ham."—Brooklyn Life.

A Good Family.

There are seven brothers and sisters in New London, Conn., whose combined ages are 512 years. Their family name is Comstock, and their Christian names are Emily, Orlando, Cordelia, John, Frank, Ezra and Stephen.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for The Toledo Blade. Copyright 1892.

A POLITICAL JUNO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS TO-DAY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AND POLITICS.

In the weeks that followed, Lide and George Murdock became excellent friends. There was something in his jovial good nature that attracted her strongly, and she was one who could respond quickly to the feelings of others unless there was some reason for self-restraint. Meeting him in this unconventional way, and being almost continually in his company, she could not treat him with the reserve with which she met most young men. It was as if she had met some long forgotten brother and had found him a remarkably pleasant companion. She joked with him, laughed with him and at him by turns, and made him generally happy, without a thought that his feelings toward her were anything more than what would naturally arise from a chance acquaintance, such as theirs had apparently been.

But in fact George Murdock's acquaintance had commenced long before, and had gone on without her knowledge or presence. Her countenance was one that would naturally make a deep impression upon one inclined to be impressed by intellectual charms and the more positive graces of womanhood. The story is told of a man who met once, and only once, a woman whose face appealed to the deeper emotions of his heart, and forever afterwards he haunted the street corner where he had met met her, in the hope that she might return. The years that grizzled his hair and furrowed his cheeks made no difference in the ardor of his quest, but it was all in vain. The woman never returned to him, nor did he find another who could displace that powerful mental picture. Such is the scurvy trick fate sometimes plays upon us when, theoretically, it is supposed to be only hurrying the day when our true affinity shall appear before us, and the bells shall commence to ring out our wedding march.

George Murdock's mental photograph of his supposed affinity in life had been received under happier circumstnces. He, at least, knew the name and address of his conqueror. It had been at that chance meeting, two years before, when he had looked upon the strong, self-possessed, and yet beautiful countenance of Lide McElroy for the first time. Her strong individuality had stamped her image upon his heart with sufficient force to prevent any other image finding easy lodgement there, but for some reason he had not followed his inclination to seek her out and renew his acquaintance with her. When the opportunity came to him, however, of obtaining the services of her father in his campaigning, he had eagerly accepted it, thinking, perhaps, fully as much of the beauty of the professor's daughter, as of her father's eloquence.

George Murdock was therefore a lover already, when Lide met him upon the railroad platform at Mabelville. But he was such a jelly, outspoken lover that her penetration for once was at fault. She thought she had found a jovial acquaintance, and placed him at once upon a friendly footing. As his manner toward her did not greatly change, her suspicions were not aroused, and yet all the while the love god was making sad havoc in his heart, in spite of his merry air.

She was careful, however, to oppose the glittering shield of her ridicule to his merry and sometimes pointed compliments, and for any suggestion of love making, she was without mercy. There was nothing whatever in her frank and open manner toward him that could suggest the thought of love upon her part. She helped him in his evident efforts to improve in public speaking, and treated him as she might have treated a brother or a cousin under similar circumstances. He was really grateful for her criticisms and her assistance, and did not resent her friendly raillery.

"Do you not think that I am improving under your tuition, Miss McElroy?" he said one day when she had been criticising him rather severely.

"Certainly; that is to be expected under such a teacher," she said, smiling.

"I am getting so that I do not fear an audience half as much as I did," he continued, intent upon the subject in hand. He did not tell her that his audiences were becoming contracted ones, and that they were usually out of his sight when he was speaking.

"And the boy has stood on the burning deck so often that he is becoming used to it, and his cries of 'Father, where art thou?' are quite natural and dramatic," she said pleasantly. "I really think you are improving."

"Do you see any improvement in the subject matter of my speeches?"

"Yes, indeed. Especially when you incorporate without credit, of course, some of my wise remarks."

He laughed merrily at the accusation. "It is your own fault," he said. "You should not leave your mental property lying about where a needy fellow like myself can get hold of it."

"You might say 'thank you,' at the very least," she said, laughing with him.

"I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for all that I have stolen from you, Miss McElroy. I only wish it was a thousand times as much," he added suddenly, and then as quickly put up the barriers of defense behind him. "I want to thank you particularly for that idea about Democracy being a dead issue, periodically galvanized into life by the ghouls of politics. It was quite a hit. I heard you laughing at it yourself."

"It was only the audacity of the theft!"

"Well, the others laughed, too, so it did not matter what you were laughing about. The idea that the Republican party was a young giant, with the strength of a Hercules and the wisdom of a Jove, was not your idea, at all events. That was a hit, too. Now wasn't that rather neat, even if I did say it?"

"To be sure it was, since it was instigated by the other. I shall make an orator of you yet!"

"I am sure you would if you would only take me under permanent tutelage, Miss McElroy." The smile that accompanied his words was a tentative one, half jovial, half serious. It was a bold stroke, considering the mercilessness snubbing which his love advances had received in the past.

She looked at him sharply and frowningly, and the smile developed into a half guilty laugh. "There is no possibility of that, Mr. Murdock," she answered in a kind of joking seriousness. "You had better not become sentimental. Sentiment and nonsense are very close akin in my estimation."

"That is what I am ambitions for," he said boldly. "The sweet nonsense of love."

"You will not find it here! I know my duty to the future Mrs. Murdock too well to allow you to make a fool of yourself with me. Your contribution to the campaign fund only paid for politics, not an atom of sentiment, Mr. Murdock."

He looked at her with a forlorn smile. "Well, then, give me the politics," he said. "The sentiment can wait until the other account is balanced."

Lide bit her lip in vexation. It was a truce, after all, it seemed, in spite of her explicitness. But he could not excuse her of encouraging him, at least. She turned to the subject of politics again with a sense of relief. "Have you thought of the fact that Democracy does not grow statesmen?" she asked, recurring to an idea that she had thought of suggesting to him. "Our little state of Ohio has produced more Republican statesmen and great men in the last thirty years, than the whole country has produced of Democratic statesmen since it was organized. The last Democratic Presidents before the war were very ordinary men, and Cleveland was no better. The only statesmen of late years that I can think of, were Randall and Thurman, and Randall was half a Republican, and Thurman was born in Ohio. So they are both accounted for."

Murdock had turned quickly from sentiment to the more absorbing subject of politics. "I believe you are right," he said. "But how do you account for it? There must be some reason for it."

"It is because the soil of Democracy is not conducive to greatness. Great men are the products of great principles, and you cannot expect statesmen to be produced from selfishness, ignorance and prejudice. You can grow a few beans on a sand hill, but not wheat."

"Can I use that idea in my speeches?" he asked, eagerly. "It will strike the farmers just pat."

Lide smiled. She much preferred to pay his demands in politics rather than in sentiment, sweet or otherwise. "Yes," she answered, "if you choose to consider it a part of the debt."

"And I can bring the other idea about Republican principles being the rich soil from which true greatness springs," he exclaimed, laughing. "See how very prolific my ideas become under cultivation."

She smiled, but continued in the train of thought she had been pursuing. "Scratch an ignorant Democrat," she said, "and you will always find prejudice. Scratch an intelligent one, and you will usually find selfishness, and very often prejudice also. The only strongholds of Democracy are in the South, where the teachings of a century of oppression has left nothing but prejudice behind it, and in New York City, where the ignorance of the whole of Europe is dumped on our shores. The enterprising and the thoughtful emigrant immediately strikes out, for the great West, where the air is Republican, while the ignorant one remains behind, and naturally becomes a Democrat. The only Northern states that the Democrats are sure of on a Presidential election are to rural suburbs of New York City, New Jersey and Connecticut."

Murdock was leaning forward in his chair listening eagerly. "Now look here, Miss McElroy," he exclaimed as she paused for a moment, "if you will go upon the stump, and say all that for me, I will promise you $50 a night for the remainder of the campaign."

She laughed merrily. "It is well that my father keeps me well supplied with pin money, or I might be tempted to take up with your generous offer," she said. "But I will do the next best thing, and that is permit you to say them for me. I am really anxious that you shall succeed, Mr. Murdock."

"Thank you. I mean to succeed. I never failed in anything yet that I really set my heart upon." He looked at her in a significant way that prompted her to immediately continue the subject of politics. "Another thing I have been thinking about," she said, "is the ignorance and folly of the Democratic voters who are willing to blindly accept any policy that their leaders may propose, even though it may be squarely opposed to their own interests. The Republicans have preempted the American policy of protection to American industry, so the Democratic leaders must adopt the English policy of free trade, or be without an issue. And every Democratic voter shouts for it, although it means the taxation of the poor man, instead of the rich one, and the reduction of the poor man's wages to the English standard. Even the Democratic farmers hurrah for free trade, although shutting up the factories or reducing wages would reduce their own profits, and drive so many more people into agricultural pursuits. And sice the Republican party stands for honest money, the Democrats shouts for poor money, although that is sure to be the poor man's loss. And yet, in spite of all this, poor men make up the bulk of the Democratic party."

"I wish that you would write that out, and let me learn it," he said, looking puzzled.

"Would make a parrot of you?" she exclaimed. "Not by any means. I have too much respect for you to allow you to become that."

"I expect that you think that I am a sort of a numbskull for being so willing to borrow your ideas," he said, rather sheepishly.

"By no means, Mr. Murdock. I recognize the fact that one can not be everything at once. If you were not what people call a hustler, you might possibly be an orator. You would certainly be eminent in something."

"And hustling goes farther in politics than oratory," he said, laughing. "But I am glad you think so favorably of me. I am anxious to stand high in your estimation."

Lide began to be thankful that they were so near the close of her father's engagement. She respected this successful politician very highly and admired his breezy energy, but he hardly possessed the heroic qualities of her model man. And yet the ear of a young man who was quite sure of becoming a member of Congress was not to be lightly thought of. Who could tell what the future had in store for him, or rather, what he might carve out of the future by his energetic ersistence? For Lide had seen enough of politics and of politicians to know that force of will was fully as effective as force of character in determining results in this field of strife.

She soon excused herself and went to her father's room, where she had left him nursing a cold and a considerable hoarseness in his throat. It was the first premonition of his old enemy that threatened to cut short his career in this part of his life work. But Lide was an excellent nurse and a doctor, too, as far as this difficulty was concerned. Under her care he was comparatively safe.

CHAPTER XII.

A CAMPAIGNER DISABLED.

George Murdock did not again venture to refer to the subject of love, when with Lide, for many days. Meanwhile, the campaign was going bravely on, thanks to his indefatigable energy, and the prospects of success were extremely flattering. For the time being love and every consideration save that of success, was either held in abeyance or forgotten. Even if Lide had been inclined to listen to his love advances, she would have respected him more highly for this concentration of purpose, for it was but the indication of the causes which underlay the unbroken line of his success.

But although his love was outwardly held in abeyance, it kept on burning within with an increasing energy. He had been attracted to her by her strong, self-possessed bearing, fully as much as by the beauty of her countenance, for this was but the outward symbol of the internal strength of character which he admired. But when he saw her hovering about her father in tender solicitude for his health, and watching lest any possible exposure might augment his difficulties, a new phase of her womanly nature was revealed to him. For all their strength and independence, men like to be taken care of when they are really in need of care, and Murdock could not help fancying that it would be extremely pleasant to be the object of Lide McElroy's thought and anxiety.

In the larger towns the meetings were usually held in the evenings, but in the less settled portions of the district, arrangements had been made for large open-air meetings, and these were usually held in the afternoon. A large tent had been provided against the possible inclemency of the weather, and this was moved about, circus fashion, while Professor McElroy was enjoying his well-earned rest. Murdock was usually off as soon as one meeting was safely over, to provide for any exigencies which might arise in regard to the next one, while Lide and her father followed at their leisure, the next day. Murdock always had their quarters prepared for them, and in his way, was as solicitous for their comfort as Lide was for her father's health.

It had been arranged that two large meetings should be held upon the last Saturday of the campaign, and another meeting, the most important of all, upon the evening before election day. The two important meetings upon Saturday taxed the professor's powers to the utmost, weakened as he was by the arduous service of the proceeding weeks. The day was an excellent one, and this not only made it more difficult for him to speak, but it also added materially to his throat trouble and to his cold.

When the evening meeting was at last over, Lide went up to her father upon the platform and protested against his undertaking anything more. "You must give it up, papa," she said, decidedly, as she helped him on with his coat and muffler. "Mr. Murdock can find some one else for Monday night, can you not, Mr. Murdock? Papa will not get over this for a month if he is compelled to speak again."

"I can try," Murdock answered. "Your father need not speak at all events, unless he is fully able to do so. I will give up the meeting first." He spoke sincerely, and yet there was a troubled look upon his countenance. They both knew that he was counting greatly on this last meeting of the campaign, for it was to be a rousing one, and was to be held in one of the strongholds of the opposition.

"It will be the last meeting, Lida," her father said. "I think I can stand it, perhaps, for never disappointed an audience yet, and I do not like to commence now. I shall have one day to rest in, you know."

"In this miserable little country tavern!" Lide exclaimed in disgust. "If there were any train toward home tonight I would be in favor of taking it and leaving Mr. Murdock without ceremony." She looked at Murdock with a half defiant smile.

He smiled in a troubled way as he returned her look. "Why not go on to Richfield with us?" he said. "You will find better accommodations there, and will not need to be disturbed again if your father decides to speak. If he does not speak it will be as easy for him to start home from there as from here."

"I think that will be the best plan, Lida," Professor McElroy said. "Do you not think so?"

"It would be if you were going to speak, papa," she answered. "But I do not think you ought to even think of thinking."

"We will not make it impossible, at all events," the professor said. "I think we will go with you, Mr. Murdock, if you will kindly make the arrangements."

"I will look after all that, professor," Murdock exclaimed, much relieved at the decision. "The train will be along in half an hour. Perhaps you had better go right to the depot if I can find any sort of a carriage. It will hardly pay to go back to the hotel, unless it is for your baggage. What about that?"

"We have not touched it here," the professor answered.

"Then I will have it sent down for you," Murdock said, rushing away to find a carriage. Ten minutes later he was back again, having impressed the carriage of one of his political friends into his service. Professor McElroy was closely bundled up and the three descended to where the carriage was waiting for them, and then Murdock excused himself, promising to be upon the train with them.

The next day Professor McElroy's throat trouble had not improved. The best room in the hotel had been emptied for him, in response to Murdock's urgent telegram, and Murdock himself was as anxious for his comfort and improvement as Lide could possibly be. He was an early caller at the professor's room in the morning, and as soon as he was sure he was not in the way, he established himself as a sort of errand boy and supernumerary attendant. His cheerful good humor thoroughly drove away any appearance of the usual sick-room gloom, and if he did not lighten Lide's burdens in any other way, he at least made it easier for her to bear them.

The dinner he insisted in having sent up to the room for them all, and they sat down to it, a cozy little family party. "Now, Miss McElroy," he said, when the dinner was over, "you must go to your room and lie down. You were up a good part of the night, and I know that you are both sleepy and tired. I can see it in your eyes. I will promise to take good care of your father."

"Oh, no, I am neither tired nor sleepy," she said. "I am young and tough, and can stand a little loss of sleep as well as not. I will be all right to-morrow."

"Professor, please use your authority," Murdock said. "It is Sunday, today, and as it is wicked to pull political wives, I have nothing in the world to do. It will be a mercy to make a nurse out of me. You know I must be busy at something, Miss McElroy."

MRS. FRANCES FOLSOM CLEVELAND.

There is a marked difference in appearance between Mrs. Cleveland, the bride of the White House, and Mrs. Cleveland, the mother of Baby Ruth. The girlish beauty of the bride, who, more by her own charms and her gracious personality than by the nature of her husband's position, was for four years the social queen at Washington, presents a decided contrast to the more mature and matronly face of the woman of to-day.

Mrs. Cleveland was in New York with her husband at the time of the notification ceremonies in Madison Square Garden. The object of her visit was not only to witness this great demonstration in honor of her husband's third nomination for the office of chief executive, but to comply with the repeated requests of many friends that she should have her picture taken. On the morning of July 21, the day after the Madison Square demonstration, Mrs. Cleveland, accompanied by her

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND NOW AND THEN—HAS SHE IMPROVED.

maid, drove to one of the leading art galleries of the metropolis. An appointment had already been made and was fixed for an early hour, so that she should not be disturbed, and there was no one in the photographic gallery except the artist and his operatives. Although the pictures were to be taken primarily for her personal friends, Mrs. Cleveland had received so many requests from people whom she did not know, but whose sincere respect and admiration for her husband and herself could not be questioned, that she consented to permit the artist to sell or distribute copies of the likenesses if they proved satisfactory. He agreed to submit proofs of all the negatives made and to destroy any which should not prove satisfactory.

After five minutes' preparation in the dressing-room Mrs. Cleveland faced the camera. Then began a study of poses, of light and shade. For a full hour Mrs. Cleveland sat before the camera. Occasionally the silence was broken by the artist's requests "a little more to the right," the chin a little higher" and other stereotyped photographic expressions. Then the shutter would click, Mrs. Cleveland would look relieved, while the artist would say, "Now for another." When the clicks of the camera finally ceased Mrs. Cleveland left the gallery, eighteen sittings having been made. Five of the negatives were selected and the rest destroyed.

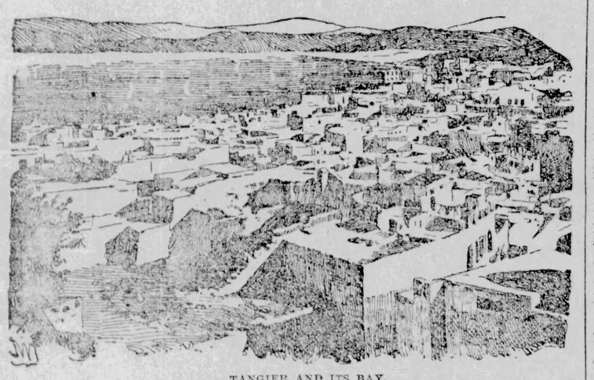
MOROCCO'S MAIN SEAPORT

FACTS ABOUT THE SULTANATE.

Pen Pictures of the Old City of Tangier, Where Civilization Has Been at a Standstill Ever Since the Dark Ages.

There are several ways of viewing the present situation in Morocco, according to one's opportunity for observation and his national pride and prejudice. That the vast Islam sultanate will shortly be the subject of serious international dispute seems no longer a question of doubt. The recent unsuccessful mission of Sir Euan-Smith will probably give England a chance to hurry hostilities under her usual guise of benefiting civilized mankind, but in reality to add leagues to her foreign possessions with the hope of increasing home trade.

While Sir Euan's caravan was laboriously marching across the burning sands that lie between Fez and Tangier, couriers had already informed the anxious French and Spanish ambassadors of the fruitlessness of the English mission, and Egypt temporarily ceased to be



TANGIER AND ITS BAY.

the diplomatic nightmare. Spain is anxious to follow up the advantages of previous wars which gave her a foothold on this northwestern patch of the African continent, and France, with her valuable Algerian possessions on the eastern boundary, is desirous to step across the line and relieve the sultan of his arduous governmental duties.

They say the bay of Tangier is the best harbor on the Moroccan coast. If it is the sultan should pass a river and harbor bill at once, especially in view of the absence of any parsimonious objections from a free press. There is but one wharf in Tangier. It extends into the sea about twenty feet; just far enough to get water to float a large vessel. Every vessel comes to in the offing, and before the anchor chains are taut, a small flotilla of surf boats filled with howling Arabs surround her, and struggle for the business of conveying passengers and cargo ashore.

Although it is but seventy miles from Gibraltar to Tangier, it is like being swallowed up by an earthquake. Every sign of modern civilization vanishes when the little steamer that brings you sinks behind the horizon. As Tangier stood 1,000 years ago, so it stands today. The great reformation swept over Europe, but it made no impression on the community of Tangier is so powerful that the Christian resident has three days of rest every week instead of one. Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath; Saturday is recognized by the Jews, and Sunday belongs to the Christians.

A stroll through the narrow streets is like a dream. They are very uneven and very dirty; on either side stand low two-story houses, built of white stucco, and almost every one a shop of some kind. And what shops! They are not over ten feet wide and ten feet high. An immense shutter is hinged three feet from the ground; during trading hours it serves as a counter, and at night as the upper portion of the front wall. The shops of Pompeii were built exactly like these, and I imagine that civilization in Pompeii, when it was destroyed, was further advanced than it is to-day in Tangier.

Dirt everywhere; asses with bleeding backs, staggering under enormous loads; yellow dogs with great, hungry looking fangs; blind men, cripples, water carriers with immense skin bottles over their shoulders; patient, obedient camels lashed with cruel whips, butchers and artisans of all kinds plying their crude trade go to make up the scenes in Tangier's busiest streets. There seems to be a peculiar local locomotion in Tangier, just as I have observed elsewhere. The men seem to walk like the camel—head erect in dignified poise, shoulders bent slightly forward, while they careen from side to side with enormous strides. Their step is noiseless, but firm and strong, and the muscles on their uncovered legs stand out like knots on a tree.

Their religion and state are one, therefore they are as loyal to the Koran as they are to the sultan. From the several minarets of Tangier the muezzin daily declares the greatness of Allah and summons the faithful to prayer.

Ardent spirits of any kind are forbidden, and the only excesses of the dissipated are strong coffee and kif, a mixture of intoxicating hashish and tobacco. A man can marry as many wives as he can support, but if he fails to provide for them he is punished by the cadi. They have a very convenient safeguard against unsatisfactory alliances, and consequently there are no divorces. A man can lease a woman on probation for a month or two, and if he doesn't like her, he can do what Lord Dundreary wanted to—"send her back to her ma."

Theft is summarily dealt with. If caught in the act, the offending hand is often chopped off. If the miscreant is told to go and sin no more, and falls from grace a second time, his eyes are frequently put out by burning coals. These dreadful punishments have been modified lately by the intercession of foreign consuls.

The position of ambassador or consul at Tangier is not one requiring great la-

THE STREETS OF TANGIER.

bor, but frequently much diplomatic finesse is necessary. Our consul is Col. Matthews, a Louisiana creole from California. He has been there for many years, with the exception of a brief interregnum during President Cleveland's administration. Secretary Bayard sent out a Pennsylvania railroad station agent named Lewis, but he made a bad mess of the whole affair, and Consul Matthews was returned.

The present sultan is far above the average of his predecessors in wisdom and humanity. His full name is a yard long, but he is known to his subjects as Muley el Hassan. He comes from the ferocious family of Fileli, whose history has been written with blood. Early in the seventeenth century the province of Tafilet, on the edge of the desert, elected a scherif named Ali. He and his descendants gradually by their prowess in war extended their possessions until they reigned over all Morocco. It has been a long and bloody reign—a history of robbery, rapine, murder and cruelty. The present ruler, however, is not such a bad fellow. The march of civilization that tinges his coast on the straits seems to have entered his dark domains. It is the little leaven that has leavened the whole, but it will be centuries, if events are allowed to take their peaceful course, before the "China of the West" can in any way resemble civilization.

The Outrider

Scene: The last ball of the season.

Bingham (to Mrs. Meredith in the conservatory, as the music strikes up)—By Jove! My dance with May Darling; I mustn't miss that.

Mrs. Meredith (sarcastically)—On no account! Good-by for the present. (Exit Bingham, hastily. Enter Darcy.) Well, Jack.

Darcy (nervously, sitting down)—I want you to do something for me, dear Mrs. Meredith.

Mrs. Meredith—I'll do anything for you, my dear boy—but dance with you.

Darcy (shortly)—I don't want you to dance with me.

Mrs. Meredith—Thank you.

Darcy—Not now, at least. But why do you say you won't?

Mrs. Meredith—Because I don't want to have my feet trodden on every minute because you are watching May Darling instead of minding your steps—to be your partner in the lancers so that you way get May Darling to be our vis-a-vis—to be brought up short in a waltz that you may stop near where May Darling is fanning herself and talking to her partner—

Darcy—Heavens! You don't mean to say you notice—

Mrs. Meredith—Don't interrupt! Now, though May Darling is undoubtedly the prettiest girl of the season, I don't see why she should be allowed to devastate the ballroom in this way. She puts all you men into such a state of comatose adoration that you are absolutely useless for the ordinary purposes of life; and I consider it is time she made up her mind one way or another and selected her victim—her permanent victim.

Darcy (eagerly)—What extraordinary intuition you have! That is just what I wanted to ask you about. I am wasting—

Mrs. Meredith—Away?

Darcy—No, my time. Don't laugh; I assure you it's becoming a very serious matter. And she puzzles me. Most women make up their minds long before a man does, and can't help letting him see it; but this is the most enigmatical little woman I ever—adored—for I really do, you know. Only I can't make her out in the least.

Mrs. Meredith—Of course not. The girl isn't a fool.

Darcy (sharply)—What do you mean?

Mrs. Meredith—Such a fool as to show her hand. It's her first season, remember. She must not be too precipitate. In the game of marriage, as in poker, you must "bluff" a little.

Darcy (bitterly)—You mean in case one or other of the players may be disposed to "go one better."

Mrs. Meredith—Precisely. It's the world we live in.

Darcy—But still, in the end, one has to "see" her, and I don't know why it shouldn't be me. I'm not badly off. I can give her what she has been accustomed to—

Mrs. Meredith—Then you should "call!" To drop this poker metaphor—you should propose to her.

Darcy (fretfully)—How can I propose till I know.

Mrs. Meredith—"He either fears his fate too much—

Darcy (stiffly)—No man should expose himself to the chance of a refusal.

Mrs. Meredith (archly)—Surely the chances of that in your case are infinitesimal! Strange, too, some men are poor spirited enough to risk that contingency.

Darcy—Weak idiots! A man ought to have more sense of his own dignity. I have never given myself away yet, and I don't mean to. But I wish I were not so abominably in love.

Mrs. Meredith—With your theories, Jack Darcy, you should have contrived to keep cool, and wait until it was a dead certainty before you bestowed your affections. But, to come to business, what can I do for you?

Darcy—A great deal. You can find out for me.

Mrs. Meredith—Which way her affections tend? I'm not a particular friend of hers, you know.

Darcy—All right, then; you'll tell me the truth.

Mrs. Meredith—Cynic! Well, go on; what am I to do?

Darcy—Watch her. They're all here, confound them.

Mrs. Meredith—Who?

Darcy—My possible rivals. This is the last ball of the season, and I mean it to be the crucial test—for me. Let me see (counts on his fingers) Regy Bingham, that ass Heaviside, Lawson—

Mrs. Meredith—Is that all?

Darcy—Yes, there's nobody else that I know.

Mrs. Meredith—Quite sure? No "outsider?" Remember the Derby the other day. In these matters, you know, one should always take the unknown quantity into account.

Darcy—That really is all. Those are the only three I am at all afraid of, and I'm not really afraid of them. There's Bingham—her mother likes Bingham; thinks he will be civil to her when she's his mother-in-law. Good for Bingham, but he won't get May; she snubs him. Then Lawson—

Mrs. Meredith—She sits on the stairs with him.

Darcy—That's nothing. She goes down to the garden with me.

Mrs. Meredith—One for you. How about Heaviside?

Darcy—Oh, we need hardly count him. She only takes him into supper.

Mrs. Meredith (quickly)—Does she care for supper?

Darcy—Good healthy appetite! I don't like angels.

Mrs. Meredith (thoughtfully)—I never knew a woman whose affections were engaged know or care what she was eating, so long as the man she loved was beside her!

Darcy—Good heavens! I don't want her affections engaged! I have never made love to her yet. All I want is a clear course—

Mrs. Meredith—And no favor?

Darcy—To any one but me, of course.

Mrs. Meredith—Well, you shall have all my good wishes, Jack, and I don't back Bingham or Heaviside or Lawson—whom else did you mention? Happy man, to have only three rivals. Now go away and leave me to conduct my observations in peace. It has to be settled to-night, you say? Go! Don't you see you prevent people who are not in love with May Darling coming to ask me to dance? (Exit Darcy.)

(Later on, in the ballroom.)

Darcy (to Mrs. Meredith)—Well?

Mrs. Meredith—Oh, go away. I've nothing to tell you—nothing conclusive, at least.

Darcy—How does she look?

Mrs. Meredith—Bored to death!

Darcy—I don't wonder. Heaviside—

Mrs. Meredith—She has not got what she wants; I can tell you that much.

Darcy—Ah! Our dance hasn't come off yet.

Mrs. Meredith—The conceit of the man! Now go away, you unsettle me. I shall know all I want to by the end of the evening. Meet me at the foot of the stairs in an hour's time.

* * * * *

(Later still, at the door of the ballroom.)

May Darling (to Bingham)—Oh, Captain Bingham, I am so very sorry to have to cut our dance, but my mother is taking me away. She says I look so tired.

Bingham—(enthusiastically)—You look—(she passes on).

* * * * *

Heaviside (to Miss Darling)—Are you really going, Miss Darling? You promised I should take you in to supper.

May Darling (cheerfully)—And I am going to break my promise. Dreadful of me, isn't it? But one must do as one is told, you know. Good night. (She passes on.)

Lawson (to Miss Darling)—May I come and call to-morrow, Miss Darling?

May Darling (effusively)—Oh, yes, do. It's our last reception before we go to Homburg. Mind you don't forget. (She passes on.)

* * * * *

Vane (to Miss Darling on the stairs)—You are not off, Miss Darling? I was hoping for a dance with you. I've just come.

May Darling (shyly)—And I'm just going. A—good-by. (Passes on.)

* * * * *

Darcy (who has followed behind Miss Darling, to Mrs. Meredith, at the foot of the stairs)—Well?

Mrs. Meredith (pettishly)—Well! you have spoiled my evening for me. I've been busy as a private detective!

Darcy—You have your reward—my gratitude. I know I'm eternally obliged to you. Dear Mrs. Meredith, the result—the result!

Mrs. Meredith—You need not be afraid of Capt. Bingham!

Darcy (fervently)—Thank heaven!

Mrs. Meredith—Nor of Heaviside nor Lawson!

Darcy—Thank heaven again! Now I breathe freely. I shall call there tomorrow.

Mrs. Meredith—You had better not.

Darcy—Why not? I rely implicitly on your judgment. I shall propose—

Mrs. Meredith—Stop a moment, you foolish man. Don't go so fast. The unknown quantity—

Darcy—What? What?

Mrs. Meredith—Couldn't you see her eyes just now? Didn't you hear her voice? Are you blind and deaf, Jack Darcy?

Darcy—No, I noticed nothing. Please tell me! Quick!

Mrs. Meredith—Why, good heavens, can't you see that the girl is head over heels in love with the man she spoke to on the stairs? (Laughing.) The "outsider" wins, "hands down!"

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade's Book Table.

"Mrs. Keats Bradford," is a novel by Maria Louisa Pool, which is issued by Harper & Brothers, New York City. The story is a sequel to "Rowena in Boston." Mrs. Bradford is Rowena. She is introduced to the reader in this volume some four years after her marriage, when she returns home to visit her mother, who is mourning the death of the father.

From the same publishers comes "Thomas Carlyle," by Prof. J. Nichol, of the University of Glasgow. This is a record of the leading events of the life of Thomas Carlyle, by one who has studied carefully whatever materials he could gather, either from books which had been already presented to the world regarding the life and genius of this great man, or those that had come to him through personal impressions.

Harper Brothers also publish a volume of stories by Mary E. Wilkins, the first of which "Young Lucretia" gives the title. It is needless to say that they are striking pen pictures of New England life as are all of her stories.

Another volume from the Harper's is entitled "On Canada's Frontier." This is made up of sketches of history, sport and adventure and of the Indian, missionaries, fur traders and newer settlers of Western Canada, by Julian Ralph. It is very well illustrated and a volume that will bear reading and re-reading.

Laurence Hutton has sent out through the publishing house of Harper & Bros., a little volume to which he gives the title "From the Books of Laurence Hutton." Most of the chapters have appeared in various magazines already, and refer to certain oddities and curiosities of books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"A Letter of Introduction" is a farce by W. D. Howells, issued in Harper's pretty little "Black and White Series." The farce itself has already appeared in Harper's Magazine, and will be remembered by those who read it as full of quiet humor of the author.

"Auld Licht Idyls," by J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister." "My Lady Nicotine" and others, is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York city. These are memories of Thrums, the little village with which the reader of the author's other books has become so pleasantly familiar. Mr. Barrie is at his best in describing village life, and in these pages there are some most skillful touches which bring a perfect picture of those quaint people before the reader.

From Appleton & Co. comes "A Little Norsk," by Hamlin Garland. This is a most strongly written story about prairie life in the Northwest.

From Appleton also comes "A Tale of Twenty-five Hours," a story written in collaboration by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessup. The motive of the story is an humorous one, the idea being to illustrate the way in which a suspicious person may be able to find in circumstantial evidence proof of what he does not want to believe

"Footsteps of Fate," also from Appleton's, is a translation from the Dutch of Louis Couperus, by Clara Bell. There is a somewhat lengthy introduction by Edmund Gosse, who gives a little sketch of the Dutch literature. The present writer, he says, is one of the youngest of a new school of writers, and one of the most promising.

"The Hope of the Gospel," by George Macdonald, will be read with a strong desire to know what this favorite author has to say upon this subject. That his words will be full of meaning no one can doubt; no one will question but they will be upon a high spiritual plane, as the works of Mr. Macdonald are all full of thought upon a spiritual basis which few reach, especially in stories of every-day life. His object, he says, is to help some to understand what Jesus came from the home of our Father to be for us, and to do for us.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and similar diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him weak and blood **poisoned with canker.** His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and 7 weeks he could not open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do any good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. **It saved his sight,** if not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25 cents.

Charley Didn't Count.

Charley had been doing his best to make time pass agreeably for her at the rather secluded summer resort. As they approached the piazza she saw a newly arrived girl friend.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad to see you. It has been very quiet. There's nobody here except Charley and two men."—Washington Star.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

British Prime Ministers.

A. A. G., Huron, S. D.: The following is the list of British Prime Ministers since 1783:

1. Dec. 23, 1783, William Pitt, Conservative.
2. March 17, 1801, Henry Addington, Conservative.
3. May 15, 1804, William Pitt, Conservative.
4. Feb. 11, 1806, Lord Grenville, Liberal.
5. March 31, 1807, Duke of Portland, Conservative.
6. December 2, 1809, Spencer Percival, Conservative.
7. June 9, 1812, Earl of Liverpool, Conservative.
8. April 24, 1827, George Canning, Liberal.
9. September 5, 1827, Viscount Goderich, Liberal.
10. January 25, 1828, Duke of Wellington, Conservative.
11. November 22, 1830, Earl Grey, Liberal.
12. July 18, 1834, Viscount Melbourne, Liberal.
13. December 26, 1834, Sir Robert Peel, Conservative.
14. April 18, 1835, Viscount Melbourne, Liberal.
15. September 6, 1841, Sir Robert Peel, Conservative.
16. July 6, 1846, Lord John Russell, Liberal.
17. February 27, 1852, Earl of Derby, Conservative.
18. December 28, 1852, Earl of Derby, Conservative.
18. December 28, 1852, Earl of Aberdeen, Liberal.
19. February 10, 1855, Lord Palmerston, Liberal.
20. February 25, 1858, Earl of Derby, Conservative.
21. June 18, 1859, Lord Palmerston, Liberal.
22. November 6, 1865, Earl Russell, Liberal.
23. July 6, 1868, Earl of Derby, Conservative.
24. February 27, 1868, Benjamin Disraeli, Conservative.
25. December 9, 1868, William E. Gladstone, Liberal.
26. February 21, 1874, Benjamin Disraeli, Conservative.
27. April 28, 1880, William E. Gladstone, Liberal.
28. June 24, 1885, Marquis of Salisbury, Conservative.
29. February 1, 1886, William E. Gladstone, Liberal.
30. July 26, 1886, Marquis of Salisbury, Conservative.
31. August 15, 1892, William E. Gladstone, Liberal.

From the foregoing it will be seen that there have been 30 different administrations in a little more than 108 years, averaging a little more than three and-a-half years; that sixteen of them have been Conservative and fourteen Liberal; that the Conservatives have held office 67 years, and the Liberals 41 years, and that Mr. Gladstone has held office three times before the present, and Pitt, Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Palmerston, Disraeli and Salisbury, twice each. William Pitt was prime minister nearly nineteen years, the Earl of Liverpool nearly fifteen years, Mr. Gladstone nearly eleven years, and Lord Palmerston a little over three years. None of the others reached seven years, and two of them were less than one year each.

Ohio Governors.

C. J. H., Burton, O.: The following is a complete list of the governors of Ohio:

1803-7—Edward Tiffin.
1807-8—Return J. Meigs.
1808-10—Samuel Huntington.
1810-14—Return J. Meigs.
1814-18—Thomas Worthington
1818-22—Ethan A. Brown.
1822-6—Jeremiah Morrow.
1826-30—Allen Trimble.
1830-2—Duncan McArthur.
1832-6—Robert Lucas.
1836-8—Joseph Vance.
1838-40—Wilson Shannon.
1840-2—Thomas Corwin.
1842-4—Wilson Shannon.
1844-8—Mordecai Bartley.
1846-8—William Bibb.
1848-50—Seabury Ford.
1850-3—Reuben Wood.
1853-5—William Medill.
1855-60—Salmon P. Chase, Republican.
1860-1—W. Dennison, Jr., Republican.
1861-3—David Tod, Republican.
1862-5—John Brough, Republican.
1865-7—J. D. Cox, Republican.
1867-71—R. B. Hayes, Republican.
1871-3—Edward F. Noyes, Republican.
1873-5—William Allen, Democrat.
1875-7—R. B. Hayes, Republican.
1877-80—Richard M. Bishop, Democrat.
1879-83—Charles Foster, Republican.
1883-5—George Hoadly, Democrat.
1885-9—Joseph B. Foraker, Republican.
1889-91—James A. Campbell, Democrat.
1891—William Mc Kinley, Jr., Republican.

Specimen Falsehoods.

U. M. H., Over, Neb., writes: "I am often confronted with the assertion that the press is subsidized, and we cannot rely on what we read. Please give us your best explanation in your next issue."

The Blade knows of no reputable paper which is "subsidized" or which receives "hush money." So far as the Blade itself is concerned, its convictions and opinions can not be bought at any price that could be named. The assertion given by our correspondent is a sample of the awful rubbish that is circulated, and believed by simple-minded people, all over the West.

Miscellaneous.

Subscriber, Elseberry, Mo.: We do not know.

M. B. W., Kenly, N. C.: See answer to M. D. M., Happy Land, Ala., in last week's Bureau.

G. T., Toledo, O.: There are nine United States circuit judges and 64 district judges in the United States.

V. A. P., Alena, Colo.: The old "Liberty Bell" was cracked while ringing it. We have not a history of this bell.

C. W. R., Swan, Mo.: Write a letter of inquiry to "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

G. W. A., Kingston Springs, Tenn.: The present is the age of science. As to the golden age of art, opinions differ.

R. L., Hendrysburg, O.: We do not recall the year in which the law was passed. If we knew that, we could answer your question.

C. W. B., Petrolia, Pa.: Paste diamonds are made of a soft glass, which has a peculiar brilliancy. "Paste" is the technical name for this glass.

J. Coulter, sr.: Why did you not send your address? That portion of the letter which reached the editor of the Bureau had nothing but your name.

Ignorance, North Redwood, Minn.: A lady is not expected to "exchange rings" with her affianced. It is his duty to present an engagement ring to her.

P. E., Canton, Kans., asks for the date of the "dark day" between 1800 and 1810. We fail to find any record of a dark day in that period. Can any reader help us?

J. D. R., Bradford, Pa.: In the Weekly Blade of July 7, fifth page, we gave a full list of Grover Cleveland's pension vetoes. Refer to it, or send for a copy of that issue.

J. B. A., Birmingham, Mich.: The word "Whig" is said, by Webster, to be derived from the Scotch word "whig," meaning whey, which the Scottish Covenanters used to drink.

S. D., Davis, W. Va.: The proper person to apply to for legal details as to starting a cigar factory is to the collector of internal revenue for the district in which you live.

M. D. M., Happy Land, Ala.: Mississippi and Florida both eliminated the negro vote by restrictive educational measures. We do not know when the laws were passed.

J. T. K., Tomahawk, N. C.: We have not the names of the colored clerks in the departments at Washington, for which you ask. As to colored officials, see Bureau of Weekly Blade of Aug. 7.

T. K., Lewisburg, O.: Any lawyer who has a copy of the Revised Statutes of the United States will be glad to show you the sections comprising the homestead law. As to your other question, write to "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

J. L. P., St. Clair, Mich.: Probably you can get the report containing the statistics of labor, from which we quoted a table some time ago, through your Congressman. If not, address its compiler, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

J. B. M., Princeton, Iowa: The paper you mention is not considered worthy of credence in any statement it makes on any political topic. No trained newspaper man puts any faith in anything it may say of the sort. As you probably know, it is not quoted nor noticed by any leading American newspaper, because of its absolute untrustworthiness. As to the White House, wine is used, as it has been used by every President, as one may see at state dinners, etc., where foreign diplomats and other high officials are entertained, and at no other time.

Quite as Bad.

They flout at suspenders at girls,
And they say it is crowding a fad;
But when you get down to the facts,
Aren't sashes on men just as bad?

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

FACTS ABOUT THE SAUSAGE.

How One of the Most Universal of California Products is Made.

What is a sausage? The principle of making all sausages is similar, and consists in simply chopping or mincing the particular kind of meat employed and seasoning it with spices or herbs of various sorts, bread crumbs, egg, salt or mustard, or any of those ingredients mixed in such proportions as are agreeable. Then the whole mixture is inclosed in portions of the prepared intestines of a hog, sheep or calf, scrupulously washed and scraped until immaculately clean. Among the herbs employed for seasoning are shalot, onions, leeks, sage, thyme, garlic, marjoram, and parsley, and in some kinds of sausages, besides meat, anchovies, oysters and red herrings are added. Finally, the blood of various animals, as the ox, pig and goose is used, mixed with oatmeal, bread-crumbs and seasoning of various kinds. These in England are known as black puddings, but the Americans as resolutely refuse to eat blood puddings as they do to partake of the hare. Bologna sausages are shrewdly suspected to be made of the flesh of the ass, but they can be successfully imitated by making a mince of equal parts of pork, veal and lean beef. Then there are the tasty little Lyons sausages, of which the only fault is that they are too highly flavored with garlic. The Persians make a very palatable sausage of the meat of a loin of mutton, chopped up with an equal quantity of bacon, or the fat of a sheep's tail. The mincemeat, after being seasoned, is not stuffed into a skin, but rolled into an ovoid form round a small iron skewer, and the sausages are then roasted between two banks of hot ashes, the skewer being carefully turned during the operation. The famous sausages of Mayence, in Germany, are made of pork cut into small dice and seasoned with pepper and saltpetre, and these when filled into the skins, are smoked in the chimney for 48 hours over, of course, a wood fire. Germany has for centuries been the rival of Italy in the production of these historical viands. From different parts of the Fatherland, and especially from Frankfurt, Mecklenburg and Hamburg, come a vast variety of sausages, beginning with the "Wurstchen Garnirung," which are very little sausages for garnishing vegetables or other dishes. The meat for them must be minced to a pulp, and if the flesh be veal, 25 per cent must be fat bacon and white breadcrumbs soaked in milk. Then there are tongue sausages, into the flavoring of which powdered cloves enter largely. The Germans are undoubtedly experts in sausage-making, and almost every district in the country has its own favorite flavor of spice or herbs; but the addition of bread is not much patronized by German sausage-makers, and it is considered to detract from their goodness. Sometimes, however, it is thought desirable to use it—first, because it renders the sausages less rich; and next because it increases the bulk. To six pounds of meat no more than a pound of grated bread is allowed. In every case the bread must be moistened with cold milk or water, and must be added before the mincing process is half completed. In former times almost every German house had its "Rauchkammer," or room for smoking sausages, but at the present day the fumigation of sausages is artificially imitated, the brown pyroligneous acid sold by chemists being the medium used in giving a smoked flavor to sausages, hung beef, fish, etc. A teaspoonful of pyroligneous acid is poured into a saucer, and, with a wing feather or small brush, the sausages are moistened all over, and then hung up in a dry place.—London Telegraph.

FLIGHTS INTO FUNNYDOM.

"So you want to join our company?" said the theatrical manager to the seedy-looking applicant. "In what attraction have you ever appeared?"

"Well," replied he, "my last engagement was with the 'Blot on the Scutcheon.'"

"What character did you enact?"

"I was the 'Blot.'"—Baltimore News.

The savage killed his victim with
A club both thick and yellow.
The coquette, in this day of grace,
"Kills with a sun umbrella."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Josiah—Cynthy, I went into a dish store and asked to see them baseball pitchers you told me to.

Cynthy—Law, Josiah, now are they like that blue and white one I broke?

Josiah—They told me they want fit fur nuthin' but to hold beer, so I didn't git ye one.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bicycle-Tricycle.

He on a bicycle,
She, on a tricycle,
Together, side by side;
Down the lane they went,
On pleasure intent.
Two lovers taking a ride.

To encircle her waist
With an arm, in haste,
Three times, in vain he tried;
And the maiden said,
As she raised her head,
"I wish t'were a buggy ride."
—Detroit Free Press.

Managing Editor—We want you to write the tariff editorials for us all through the campaign, Mr. Blenks.

Editorial Writer—But I don't know the first thing about the tariff.

Managing Editor—Well, if that isn't the first qualification, I'd like to know what is.—Somerville Journal.

Now doth the little busy flea
Come gaily skipping round,
And make its see, in search for grit,
The dogs shut in the pound.
—Washington Star.

"I tell you, it takes nerve to be an officer out where I was," said the returned Westerner. "Once, when I was deputy sheriff, I arrested a fellow who had killed 11 men."

"And" (pity's sake!) sneered Officer McGobb. "I pulled the boss av me own ward wanst."—Indianapolis Journal.

BERING'S BONES.

A Granite Monument Placed Over the Explorer's Remains.

During a cruise last year of the Aleut, a schooner attached to the Russian Siberian flotilla, the officers of that vessel landed on Bering's Island in search of the grave of the discoverer of those straits. The bones of Bering and his companions in misfortune were found buried beneath a simple cairn of rough stones, carelessly piled, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

The officers resolved to replace the cairn by a more worthy memorial, and on their return to Vladivostock a collection was set on foot among the officers of the Siberian squadron, with the result that a handsome and durable granite tombstone, surmounted by an iron cross, has now been completed. The memorial will be transported from Vladivostock and placed over the lonely grave on Bering Island next month.

Capt. Vitus Bering, as is well known, was a Dane by birth, but was in the Russian naval service when his important discovery was made, in 1728. He died December 4, 1741 O. S., from scurvy, on Bering's Island, where he and his companions had sought refuge after the foundering of their ship.

PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

Country house furniture includes a bamboo arrangement for elevating the feet and legs of the lord of the manor.

To polish kitchen knives nicely, mix a little bicarbonate of soda with the brick dust and rub them thoroughly.

Slate floors should be polished rubbing first with a smooth flat piece of pumice stone, and finally polish with rotten stone.

Circular thermometers of ivory and its imitations, inserted in perforated ornaments of silver have the central spaces used as a calendar.

The Americans must not be very fond of tea, when they drink eight times as much coffee as the beverage that does not inebriate.

Metal match-boxes have been put on the market in the shape of profile heads and busts of Cleveland and Harrison, and the designs are copyrighted.

Corn napkins are an essential feature of summer napery. They are about a half-yard square, fringed on the edges and embroidered in designs of corn flowers or of corn blades and ears.

Claret pitchers are growing taller and more slender. They are made of cut glass, with a faint indication of color about the rim. Sold in connection with them are mirrors upon which they are to stand.

Don't forget that canned meats, which may keep perfectly for a year or two, after that time deteriorate and often become unwholesome. It is always wiser to purchase such food at the most reliable places.

Corn starch is not used with yolk of egg and lemon juice for the skin. Laundry starch is always meant in toilet receipts made with boiling water quite thick and the yoke and lemon stirred in when cool. It should be used at night, and a few drops of glycerine will keep it from drying too quickly and add to its effect.

It is estimated that 22 acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on flesh meat. The same space of land, if devoted to wheat culture, would feed 42 people; if to oats, 88; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176; and if to the plantain or bread-tree, over 6,000 people.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The Pea and Bean Weevil.

Mrs. A. W., Wisconsin: The pea weevil is a winged bug, about an eighth of an inch long, the color being rusty-black with snow white on the wing covers, and a distinct white spot on the hinder part of the thorax. The insect appears about the time the peas are in bloom and when the young pods form. The females lay their eggs upon the surface of the pod, which are fastened with a viscid fluid, and turns white in drying. It is thought the eggs are laid in the night. When the insects are abundant, 15 to 20 eggs are laid on a single pod, though only one larva can develop in a single pea. The newly hatched larva is deep yellow, with black head, and bores directly through the pod into the nearest pea, the hole in the pod soon growing over, and a mere speck upon the side is the only indication of its entrance. Before transforming to pupa, it cuts a circular hole to the thin outer membrane of the pea, thus providing for the exit of the future beetle. It then lines the interior of its excavation with a thin, smooth layer of paste, excluding all excrement, and then transforms to the pupa state. The adult beetle in issuing, has only to eat through the thin membrane left for the larvae. Sometimes the beetles will issue in autumn, but usually they remain through the peas in the winter. The remedy against the weevil is to keep the peas in which they are formed over two seasons before planting. The buggy peas when thrown into water, will float. The bean weevil resembles the pea weevil in appearance. The adult beetle is of a tawny, gray color, with more or less dull yellowish. It differs from the pea weevil in that several can develop in one pod, and it will continue to breed indefinitely in stored beans. The eggs are laid on the pod, and the larvae enter the seed in the same manner as the pea weevil. The remedies are the same as for the pea weevil, except that keeping imported seeds over two years will be of no avail. Careful experiments show that carbon bisulphide is almost a perfect remedy for both the pea and bean weevil.

Small Wart on Mare's Nose.

I. R. C., Kentucky: Rub the wart well twice a day with salted lard. This will frequently disperse a wart if it is rubbing is kept up for eight or ten days. If it has too firm a hold, and protrudes, cut it off with a pair of scissors, and touch the part with alum.

Proud Flesh in Mare's Leg.

G. W. S., Tennessee: The cut made in your mare's leg, which festered and discharged pus, has developed proud flesh. Poultice the part for several days with linseed meal poultice, on which there is sprinkled burnt alum. If there is any pus in the sore, it must be released by making an incision with a knife. After the poulticing, wash the part every day twice with sulphate of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 oz. If this fails, touch the proud flesh with a solution of lunar caustic.

Lump on Inside of Cow's Udder.

F. C. A., Cook county, Illinois: The lumps on the inside of your cow's udder may be the result of an injury; and yet it may be a case of garget. Foment the udder for half an hour twice a day, milk three times a day; put an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water twice a day for about five days. Rub the udder or part affected gently with extract of belladonna, 1 oz.; vaseline, 4 ozs. This is good to disperse inflammatory swellings and prevent pus forming. You did well to grease the part affected, and if taken in time, it may not be necessary to use the above remedy.

Look over these symptoms: headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat—sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. You won't have all of them at once; probably only a few of them; but they mean Catarrh.

And the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy mean to *cure* it, if you'll let them, no matter how bad or how long standing.

If they can't, they'll pay you $500 in cash. They mean that, too, just as it's printed.

They offer you the money—or a certain cure, if you'll take their

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A Welcome is Extended by the Heavenly Father to Every Prodigal Child Who Repents of His Sins.

The sermon selected for publication this week is from the text, Luke xv: 18: "I will arise and go to my father."

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen, nor hand, nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread.

A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. The carab, this is called. Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not get even them without stealing them. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine; I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell. Satan comes to us today, and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution: "I will arise and go to my father."

Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason; a man never wants the Gospel until he realizes that he is in a famine struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home, and you are in good, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians?" I never have a doctor." Suppose I come home your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on all that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick, and I want help." If I came to you, and you feel you are all right in body and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness. Oh! then you say: "Bring me that balm of the gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ."

But says someone in the audience: "How do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by nature?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say: "Let us have the statement of God." Well, let us see in one place. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." He says in another place: "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place: "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place: "As by one man's disobedience sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

"Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except that a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Other reason?" "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the gospel. I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say this is a mere whim, an undefined longing that amounts to nothing. You must have a real, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text who said, "I will arise and go to my father."

Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his behavior, and not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child be ungrateful.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is, To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, some friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger, if he had forsaken us, if he had thankfully us, if he had mumbled us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of him; but he is a father so loving, so kind, yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further, that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house; but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and beautiful, a pleasant circle of friends—you have said: "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said: "Now, perhaps, father may not be living."

We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on every day life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about mother, therefore, I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings, or perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact that he could not remember a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off a long while, has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out the father is gone, mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself: "Perhaps father may be dead." Still, he starts to find out. He is homesick. Any there any here homesick for God, homesick for heaven?

The context says, "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service to-day to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution. There is a man who has the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress; if this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to attend to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is he broken vow? There is a man who said long ago: "If I could live to the year 1892, by that time I will have my business matters all arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough consecrated Christian. The year 1892 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June, July—fully half of the year gone. Where is your broken vow? "Oh!" says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up, when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink," or says the man, "I'm given to uncleanness, I'm given to the love of money, I'm dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother you will get worse and worse until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous, sinners, Jesus came to call."

Oh! but you say: "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at East Hampton, Long Island, and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, their ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved. The people from Amagansett saw the vessel, and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows sat into the boat and they pulled mightily for the shore. Just before they got to the shore the rope snapped, and the boat capsized and they were lost; their bodies afterwards washed upon the beach. Oh! what a solemn day it was—I have recorded of it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit, and he read over them the funeral service. They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore, yet they did not arrive on solid land. So many souls come within what come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only almost saved is to be lost.

In this country town young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth and they are going to take ship and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them to desist." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion, because he was very homesick already. The other young man said: "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home then I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal; "no, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a messenger came to him saying there was a young man in rooms on a ship at the dock—a young man would request to speak with—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him: "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "O! yes," said Mr. Griffin, "are you that man?" Yes, I am the man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die; but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend, and I would like to have you pray for me."

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get that young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon, the father came, for he had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime, and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old man threw his arms around the son's neck, and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh!" said the father, "don't mention it. It don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

To-day we offer you the pardon of the gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your crime has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, a crime against your own soul, against your fellow-man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, there is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment you take that pardon your heavenly father throws his arms about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as you had never sinned." Oh! there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

—When weak, weary and worn out, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to restore your strength and give you a good appetite.

THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

More Than Four Acres Will be Devoted to It at the World's Fair.

To the building for the department of electricity was assigned an area of 350 feet on the court and 700 feet long, the major axis running north and south. Though peculiarly fortunate in its site, having an important frontage on the lagoon as well as on the court, it was the smallest building of the principal group.

It thus became incumbent on its architects, Messrs. Van Brunt & Howe, of Kansas City, so to design this building that it should not be overwhelmed by

STATUE OF FRANKLIN FOR THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

the superior mass of its neighbors, and that if possible it might have such characteristics as should at once conceal and justify its inferiority of size; which inferiority, however, is only comparative, the actual area to be occupied being considerably in excess of that covered by the Capitol at Washington.

It soon became evident that the space set aside for this department of the Exposition, though covering 4.85 acres, would be insufficient to meet the demands of exhibitors, unless the largest possible amount of floor space which could be gained within it should be made available to them. This at once suggested a second story.

So far as practicable the decorations of this building are devised to suggest its uses, the conventional embellishments of the orders being varied by the frequent recurrence of the electromagnet and lamp, and the recesses of the hemicycle and porticos being enriched with color. It is intended also to illuminate and embellish the architectural features at night with an electrical display of unprecedented interest and magnitude.—Century for August.

The Bathing Suit.

There is indeed no style of dress worn by women so becoming, and at the same time so easy and healthful, as the modern bathing suit. It is absolutely free from all the objections brought against woman's ordinary dress by physicians and hygenists. And as a work of art it is simple, chaste and beautiful as the robes of ancient Greece. The man who does not take pleasure in beholding comely women arrayed in the Jersey resort bathing suit is a very poor creature.—Trenton State Gazette.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so safely or so promptly as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life had all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then tried S.S.S., a few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever. J. A. JUCE, Ottawa, Kan.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

My First Picket Duty.

Editor Camp Fire:—During March, 1862, we landed at Crump's Landing, Tenn. One bright morning shortly after the orderly sergeant of our company stepped into our street and called out to know who wanted to volunteer for picket duty. I was one to respond. We reported as usual at the different headquarters, and then marched out about three-fourths of a mile to the picket line. In distributing the pickets along the line, Lieutenant Story, of my company, and three of us privates were placed on the main road leading from the Landing to Adamsville. Lieutenant Story and one of the privates had been in the three months' service, so I thought they were safe companions to be with. Our orders were to allow no person to pass our post unless they had a written pass, countersigned by Gen. Lew Wallace, our division commander.

W had been on picket about one hour, when, looking down a straight road toward where our division was camped, we saw a body of our soldiers coming towards us. "What does it all mean?" said the lieutenant. When they came within about eighty rods of us, two of the soldiers that were mounted, started to run a scrub horse race, and came direct towards us. The lieutenant said, "Now, boys, don't let them pass this post." So we gave the command, "Halt!" but on they came. When they got near, our officer gave the command to charge bayonets, but seeing that we did not act as though we were going to bayonet them, as quick as a flash he jerked my gun from my hands and came to a charge. One of the riders checked his horse, but the other one whipped his on through. Just as he passed the lieutenant stuck the bayonet at his leg, but missed it and struck the horse in the flank the full length of the bayonet. The horse kicked with both feet just as high as he could, and threw the rider over his head, the rider falling on his head and shoulders side by side in a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal; "no, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

Who Killed Zollicoffer?

Editor Camp Fire:—As a great deal has been written about the above question, will add my mite to the chips gone before. The credit or notoriety of bringing Zollicoffer down has been generally given to Col. Fry, of the 4th Ky. Vols., but I have very good reasons for believing that it belongs elsewhere, which I give herewith:

First, Gen. R. L. McCook, in his report to Gen. Thomas, of the part his brigade took in the battle of Mill Springs, says: "As my brigade came upon the field, we met the 4th Ky. and 10th Ind., Col. Monson commanding, retiring from the contest, being hard pressed by the rebels. Col. Fry, of the 4th Ky., and the 9th Ohio (the 10th Ind.," etc. The point I wish to make here is that if McCook's report is true, Col. Fry's place was with his regiment, at the rear, and not in line with another regiment—shooting Zollicoffer—as all reports of that battle agree that he was not killed until just before the final route of the rebels.

Another reason is that the body of Zollicoffer lay in our camp at headquarters for two or three days, was viewed by hundreds of our men, and the wounds upon his body were made by a musket ball and two or three buckshot. The writer heard his body surgeon, Dr. Cliff, say that neither of the small wounds would have proved fatal, and it is not probable that Col. Fry was firing a musket loaded with ball and buckshot cartridge at that time.

The last reason I will give is that I saw Gen. Zollicoffer's body brought from in front of Co. G, 2d Minn, where he fell, to the rear of our lines, and as that company then used muskets that carried a ball and buckshot cartridge, it is but reasonable to suppose that Zollicoffer was shot and killed by some member of that company. There is a general inclination, especially among soldiers, to award all matters of merit or distinction in army life to the officers, whether they belong there or not. The writer knows Col. Fry to have been a brave and honorable soldier, and he never heard or read that he (Col. Fry) ever claimed the honor of killing Zollicoffer, which he must have known did not belong to him.—C. A. Edwards, Co. A, 2d Minn. Vols.

The Surrender at Harper's Ferry.

Editor Camp Fire:—Seeing in The Blade so many solicitations for soldiers to write, I thought I would venture to write, or as the boys say bring a West Virginia chip to the Camp Fire, and as I never hear from one of the old 60th Ohio through the Camp Fire, I am reminded of what our colonel said on one occasion, calling the regiment into line, Co. K being tardy: "Where in the h—l is Capt. Gore?" I was one of the 12,000 taken at Harper's Ferry on September 15, 1862, and I was so glad I didn't get killed there that I am not entirely over it yet. I always thought that some officer acted the fool or the traitor in that great loss to the government of men and property; but his plans might have been too deep and wise for a common man to see into them. If any man understands the secret of that loss, I wish he would whisper it over this way. It seems to me that we should have been ordered to the main army, to help in the battle at South Mountain.—Jacob C. Grose, Co. I, 60th Ohio.

Sparks.

The annual reunion of the Veteran society of the 57th Ill. Vol. Inf. will be held at Macomb, Ill., on October 5, 6 and 7.

Comrades will bear in mind that the charge for publishing requests for the whereabouts of comrades is 50 cents. Don't send them without enclosing the money.

A POLITICAL DOG.

An Abilene Canine That Votes, and Votes Right.

Out at Abilene, Kansas, the man who runs a transfer wagon and smashes a drummer's trunks owns a dog. He is a common, old-fashioned cur. But the dog votes, and votes right. His master, every morning upon the arrival of the Texas & Pacific train, gets his dogship to show off before the crowd, says the Dallas (Tex.) News.

Do you vote for Clark? the canine is asked. He rises up on his hind feet, his front ones high in the air, his body perfectly erect, and nods his head.

Do you vote for Hogg? the master inquires. The dog gets down flat on the floor, and buries his face in his legs, the very picture of negation. These daily performances have come to be well advertised in Abilene, and always draw a crowd. Should Judge Clark receive the nomination at Houston that dog will be installed in state at Austin next January, and for two years at least will be the best fed animal in Texas.

Man Was Made to Mourn,

Perhaps, and perhaps not. However that may be, he has no excuse for his misery, if it is produced by nervousness, so long as he neglects to reinforce his enfeebled nerves through the medium of improved digestion. He can secure this by the regular use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a grateful tonic and tranquilizer. It should never be forgotten that the brain—which is the headquarters of the nervous system—and the stomach bear the closest relations one to the other, and that debility under the waistband produce a correlative disturbance in the organ of thought. Give, however, a quietus to nervousness and headaches by a reform begun at the fountain head by the Bitters. Take it, also, for malarial, bilious and kidney trouble, rheumatism and the infirmities of age. Taken before meals it imparts relish for the food.

HIS BLOOD TURNED WHITE.

Strange Death of James Mullen, of Louisville, Ky.

James Mullen, of Louisville, Ky., bled to death the other day as the result of a strange malady which has for months baffled the skill of the physicians, says the New Orleans Picayune. His blood lost all its coagulative properties and had taken on the appearance and consistence of fresh milk.

The corpuseles of the blood had become perfectly white. From a small scratch or cut the blood flowed with such rapidity that on several occasions it was scarcely safe to be stopped before causing death. One morning one of the smallest of the blood vessels under the tongue became broken. The point where the blood came from was so small that no danger was aprehended at all.

All efforts, however, to stop the flow were futile. Every remedy was resorted to, but to no avail, and in little less than an hour Mr. Mullen bled to death.

A Pretty Pass.

Janet—Why should you have informed him of the fact that I was 28?

Chloe—I didn't think you would be offended.

Janet—But it was uncalled for—

Chloe—How could I know that you were getting sensitive, even about your professed age?

—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Capable of a Fellow Feeling.

Bugsby—Jones, my dear fellow, I have determined to marry, and I have picked out the girl.

Jones—Why, I am astonished. I thought you said you would never marry, because women never appreciate what it is to lose buttons off your clothes.

Bugsby—That is true, but this girl wears suspenders.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Sunday School.

Philip Preaching at Samaria.

LESSON X., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Golden Text—And there was great joy in that city. Acts viii, 8.

LESSON TEXT.

(Acts viii, 5-25.)

5. Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them.

6. And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did.

7. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them: and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed.

8. And there was great joy in that city.

9. But there was certain man, called Simon, which beforetime in the same city used sorcery, and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one:

10. To whom they all gave heed, from the least to the greatest, saying, This man is the great power of God.

11. And to him they had regard, because that of long time he had bewitched them with sorceries.

12. But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women.

13. Then Simon himself believed also: and when he was baptized, he continued with Philip, and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs which were done.

14. Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John:

15. Who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost:

16. (For as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.)

17. Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.

18. And when Simon saw that through laying on of the apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money,

19. Saying, Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost.

20. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.

21. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God.

22. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee.

23. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.

24. Then answered Simon, and said, Pray ye to the Lord for me, that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me.

25. And they, when they had testified and preached the word of the Lord, returned to Jerusalem, and preached the gospel in many villages of the Samaritans.

Illustrative Applications.

Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and proclaimed unto them the Christ (v. 5). He who has the spirit of Jesus will delight to do the work of Jesus. The Jews as Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans as Samaritans; but Jesus taught the Samaritans, and told his disciples that they were to proclaim his truth to them; therefore Philip was glad to go to Samaria in the name of Jesus. There may be social or territorial barriers to the missionary work that must be recognized as real for the time being; but as soon as those barriers can be passed, he who loves Christ will be glad to tell of him to those who are beyond the barriers.

There was such joy in that city (v. 8). There is joy over the results of Christianity, even among those who have no joy in Christ. Men rejoice in the cure of the sick, and in the casting out of demons, as a result of faith in Jesus, although they may not themselves have that faith. The blessings that come to the world through Christianity extend far beyond the fold of believers in Jesus; and men who scoff at his name have joy in their possession of many things that came to the world through his power among men.

When the apostles heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John (v. 14). It is quite as important to give attention to those who already are converts, as to those who are still unbelievers. If we would work with God, we must be quick to minister to those on whom God has begun to work. If we would please Christ, we must show our love for those who are His disciples. To give all our time and strength to efforts for the unconverted, is to deny to young Christians the help which is needful to their encouragement and growth in grace. Securing enlistments into the Lord's army ought not to stand in the way of training and drilling the recruits. When we hear that any one whom we know has received the word of the Lord, then is the time to look that one up, and see that he has fitting words of counsel and cheer.

That they might receive the Holy Ghost (v. 15). The Holy Ghost works in and through believers in Jesus. His blessings are imparted to and by those who trust themselves to the Saviour of sinners. The apostles at Jerusalem did not take it for granted that those in Samaria who believed in Jesus were already filled with the Holy Ghost, neither were they contented to stay in Jerusalem and pray for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost in Samaria. They sent men who were filled with the Holy Ghost, to be a means of imparting the Holy Ghost's influence to those who were not thus filled. So, now, if we would have others share the blessing of the Holy Ghost, it is for us to be filled with the Holy Ghost, and then to go and impart of His power to those in behalf of whom we are moved of God.

When Simon saw that, he offered them money (v. 18). A man who has money is quite likely to suppose that he can buy what any one else has. He, perhaps, thinks so much of money himself, that he supposes that everybody else values it to the same extent. It is indeed, hard for a man of wealth to realize how much there is beyond the possibility of purchase by money. And here is one of the chief dangers of wealth to any man. It tends to give him an idea of his independence, and to foster in him a belief that somehow he is not dependent upon his own exertions, or on his spirit, or on his character for his attainment of knowledge, or of taste, or of affection. There is even a danger that he may think he can buy favor from God by a discreet use of money in the cause of God. Simon Magus is not the last rich man who has had that foolish and wicked notion in his mind.

Give me also this power (v. 19). It was not wrong for Simon to value the power which the apostles showed in the service of Christ. His wrong was in his proposed way of getting a like power. The power of a man of faith, the power of a person of Christ-like spirit, the power of one who is wise in winning souls, the power of an individual who uses his time and talents and property for God's glory, and for the welfare of humanity, may well be recognized with admiration, and even longed for by a devout child of God. But it is one thing to say reverently, and in a trustful spirit, "Give me also this power," and quite another thing to think of buying such power with hard cash, or with any other purchase means.

Thou hast thought to obtain the gift of God with money (v. 20). There are a good many ways of showing that one thinks that the gift of God can be obtained with money. He who thinks that he would necessarily be more contented, or happier, or more loved, or more truly

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to act as our agent. Will treat you well and pay liberally for your services. The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1030, Portland, Me.

respected, or more useful, or that he would, as a matter of course, have enlarged opportunities of getting good and of doing good, if only he had wealth, really thinks that the gifts of God can be obtained with money. This sin of Simon Magus is a more common one than some of us have supposed.

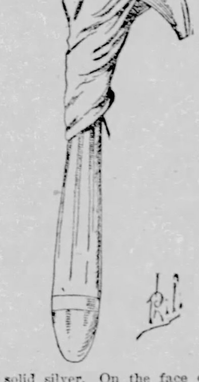
Pray the Lord, if perhaps the thought of thy heart shall be forgiven thee (v. 22.). Simon had not bought the gift of God with money. His sin was in thinking that that thing could be done, and that he would like to do it. He needed to pray that so much of sin as this, in his heart, be forgiven him. All of us have need to pray for forgiveness of sins that we have not committed, but that we have thought out and planned for, and would have committed if the way had been open for their committing. There is an awful amount of this kind of sinning among men. God knows how much there is of it. You and I know enough about it to know that we have something to do in the praying line in this direction. —H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

MRS. PALMER'S HAMMER.

With It She Will Drive the Last Nail in the Woman's Building.

The design for that much-talked-of hammer with which Mrs. Potter Palmer is to drive the last nail in the woman's building has been fixed upon, says the Chicago Tribune. To determine what the hammer should be like has been the work of many months by the women of Nebraska, but they have succeeded at last, and the precious implement is being executed by an Omaha jeweler.

No hammer of the like of this one has ever pounded a nail. The handle will be composed of light and dark woods alternating, and encircled by a broad band of gold, on which will be engraved: "From the women of Nebraska." The head of the hammer will



be of solid silver. On the face of the head will be the seal of Nebraska in gold relief. Draping the hammer and handle will be the flag of the Union, wrought in gold. For each state in the Union there will be a diamond star, and the flagstaff will be of pearl, surmounted by a golden eagle.

The idea of the hammer originated after the women of Montana had proposed a design for the last nail. This last nail is to be manufactured of gold, silver and copper, the most prominent native minerals of the state. The head of the nail will consist of a representation of the seal of the state. This seal happens to contain mountains, rivers and valleys, as well as the sky. To properly represent these features diamonds and sapphires will be used. Mrs. Eliza J. Rickards is the originator of the nail design.

After the nail story had been circulatd, the Nebraska women took up the hammer idea. Last come the women of Colorado. They did not want to fail in doing something on the line of finishing the woman's building, so they will present the casket in which the hammer and nail are to be kept. This casket will be a miniature model, in precious metals, of the Pueblo mineral palace.

AUTUMN HINTS.

What Will be Worn During the Coming Months.

One of the most popular autumn tints appears among elegant brocades, corded silks and all-wool chevrons, which shade from pinkish violet to deep dahlia red.

Silk foulards, shot with green and gold and sprayed with foliage-mingled blooms in old rose, show exquisite trimmings of gold and old rose.

The "fete bodice," which is cut low and square in the neck and is sleeveless, has become the especial property of well moulded figures, though scrawny necks and arms find a modification in the dainty satin, net or tulle gimps, with full sleeves, which may be added to the bodice.

Snowy crepons over colored silk slips look particularly well for light evening robes.

For the riding habit cloths in various colors are permissible. Blue and very deep garnet, with shaggy dots of the same, are among the novelties, and are quite a relief from the uniform black and blue tones which for so long predominated.

Very rich dust cloaks for driving are shown in raspberry red and suede taffetas.

The Extremes of Good Form.

The Attorney—Mr. Poppelcigh, I am desired to acquaint you with the fact that an obscure but wealthy relative has just settled upon you a handsome allowance. Please put yourself in communication with him at once.

Young Mr. Poppelcigh—Bless me, but how can I do that? I've never been introduced to the man, dantche know? —Chicago News.

Bluff, Horatio, Bluff.

Manufacturer—What are you going to do? Our rivals have just voted to spend $100,000 in advertising that their baking powder does not contain a particle of alum.

Chief Clerk—That's simple enough. Spend $200,000 in advertising that ours is the only baking powder in the market in which alum is an ingredient.—Somerville Journal.

Then Women are Martyrs.

Maud—She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her beliefs.

Ethel—Dear me! What are her beliefs?

Maud—She believes that she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 6 foot, and a 23-inch corset on a 30-inch waist.—Boston Globe.

Improving.

Aunt Hilda—Think this world is improvin', do ye? Folks lie as much as ever, don't they?

Mr. Jinks—No-o, not by a good deal. Mighty few epitaphs put on tombstones, nowadays.—New York Weekly.

The Plot to Kill.

"George, dear," said the young wife as her husband was about to kiss her before going down-town, "the dressmaker is coming to-day and she will probably be here to dinner this evening."

THREE KISSES.

The purest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss that a mother lays
On her child's fresh lips
As he blithely trips
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss
In the world is this—
The first long kiss of love,
When time is not,
And the earth's forgot,
An Eden drops from above.

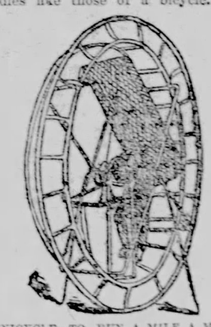
The saddest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss on unanswering clay,
When dead lips tell
We must say farewell
Till the dawn of the judgment day.
—Susie M. Best.

TO RUN A MILE A MINUTE.

A Device for Rapid Traveling Invented by a Michigan Man.

Professor Charles Bartholomew, of Jackson, Mich., has evolved from his inventive mind a novel device for rapid traveling. This queer contrivance he calls a unicycle, and an idea of what it is may be gained from the following illustration and description.

It is composed of one large wheel eight feet in diameter, which is supplied with a rubber tire, on each side is attached a circular rim seven feet in diameter; from the latter are spokes which are connected with the large wheel; extending across from the outer rims or seven foot wheels are cross pieces, to which the axle is attached. The operator sits on a seat under the axle and propels the machine by pedals similar to those on an ordinary safety bicycle, and guides it by means of handles like those of a bicycle. Thus



A UNICYCLE TO RUN A MILE A MINUTE.

provided for a rider can always maintain a perpendicular position, and as brakes are also provided, the operator will be able to turn or stop at will.

The machine is light in construction and easy of propulsion, its circumference is 24 feet, and it is estimated that a speed of over a mile a minute can be attained upon a level roadway, and with a perfected machine Professor Bartholomew claims that a speed of can be made with comparative safety of 70 miles an hour. He has already received an offer of $100 per week to make exhibitions upon the race track of one of the largest exposition grounds of the United States. He intends patenting his invention as soon as he gets everything wrking to his satisfaction.—Detriot Free Press.

TIME AND LOVE.

Sly old Time took little Cupid,
Tied a kerchief o'er his eyes;
Turned him round, exclaiming, "Stupid,
Tell me where your true love lies."
Long was mischief shine above,
Time will play his tricks on love.
Cupid, of his power reminded,
Showed old Time what he could do;
And, that though his eyes were blinded,
Yet his heart would guide him true.
Long as suns the heavens shall climb
Love will foil the tricks of Time.
—Robert Brown, Jr.

To Preserve

The richness, color, and beauty of the hair, the greatest care is necessary, much harm being done by the use of worthless dressings. To be sure of having a first-class article, ask your druggist or perfumer for Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is absolutely superior to any other preparation of the kind. It restores the original color and fullness to hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. It keeps the scalp cool, moist, and free from dandruff. It heals itching humors, prevents baldness, and imparts to

THE HAIR

a silken texture and lasting fragrance. No toilet can be considered complete without this most popular and elegant of all hair-dressings.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Pr

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1892.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, **111,000.**

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
WHITELAW REID,
Of New York.

ARM FOR THE FIGHT.

It is good policy, where you go into a battle, military or political, to be well armed. In the strife between the contending forces of protection and free trade now going on, we are making The Blade a weapon of effective service in the interests of the Republican party. No paper in the country gives so many facts and figures as does The Blade. From now on, it will be still better and more forcible. Its Gatling gun broadsides are annoying the enemy wonderfully, if we may judge by the return fire—not of facts, but of venomous charges and assertions.

Hence every Republican who works for the success of his party can do no better than to circulate The Blade broadcast. Help us by sending us—

First, the name and address of the chairman of the Republican committee of your county;

Second, the name and address of the chairman of every Republican club—campaign or otherwise;

Third, the name and address of every Republican voter in your neighborhood who is not a subscriber to The Blade, in order to send each a sample copy;

Fourth—Drop us a postal card asking for our campaign terms. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

HOW PRICES GO DOWN.

That excellent little exponent of the value of the protective policy to the people, the American Economist, has collated from the books of the retail stores in various parts of the country the prices at which the leading manufactured necessaries of life have sold in 1857, in October, 1889, and in the July just past, and averaged the prices thus found. The first column of figures, that of 1857, represents the "low tariff" period, of which the free traders make so much; the second is just one year before the present tariff law went into operation; and the third shows the prices now, nearly two years after the law was put into effect. A comparison shows a heavy reduction in prices, and especially a marked reduction since the new law went into effect:

Articles.	1857.	Oct. 1889.	July. 1892.
Axe	$1.61	$1.00	$0.81
Binding twine, lb	.22	.15	.13
Blankets	6.03	4.38	3.25
Blue shirting, yd	.20	.12	.09
Boots	5.50	3.61	2.79
Calico, yd	.15	.077	.058
Cotton knit goods	1.03	.52	.38
Cotton thread	.11	.05	.04
Farm wagons	122.98	74.80	55.90
Flannel, yd	.75	.41	.32
Gingham, yd	.26	.115	.086
Hand saw	2.60	1.62	1.29
Hoe	.90	.54	.31
Linen, yd	.91	.52	.37
Mowing machine	150.63	63.89	46.77
Nails, wire, lb	.17	.05	.035
Nails, iron, lb	.095	.043	.03
Overalls	1.48	.89	.70
Plow, 2-horse	25.82	13.94	11.11
Rake, (horse)	40.77	24.07	19.55
Reaper	230.41	147.43	112.06
Salt, bbl	3.31	1.76	1.34
Shoes	4.37	2.52	1.99
Sheeting, yd	.19	.11	.075
Shovel	1.55	.91	.70
Spade	1.50	.94	.76
Sugar, gran., lb	.227	.097	.053
Sugar, brown, lb	.20	.079	.045
Scythe	1.62	1.02	.75
Tin dipper, 1 qt	.27	.12	.09
Tin milk pail, 12 qt	.92	.54	.38
Tin milk pan, 6-qt	.51	.22	.17
Ticking, yd	.43	.20	.15
Washtub	1.36	.85	.72
Wheelbarrow	3.37	2.28	1.81
Wooden pails	.53	.30	.19

Note that the prices have fallen from one-half to four-fifths since the "golden times" of free trade. And, lest the free traders should try to escape the full force of this reduction by talking about "improvements in manufacture," note the fall since October, 1889. In that time the retail prices of staple manufactured necessaries of life have fallen from 10 to 30 per cent, in spite of Democratic lies. And the housewife herself can verify the prices given. The free trade theory sounds well, but it is knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite by the cold, hard facts.

THE SWITCHMEN'S STRIKE.

The strike of railway switchmen at Buffalo and other points is because of a demand, made some time ago, for increased wages and shorter hours. The men complained that they were "doubled-up," and had twelve hours' continuous work every day. They demanded a ten-hour day, with extra pay by the hour for over time. Beyond this, they demand an increase in wages as follows: Day conductors, from 23 cents per hour to 25 cents; night conductors, from 24 1-2 cents an hour, to 27 cents; day helpers, from 21 cents an hour, to 25 cents; night helpers, from 23 cents an hour, to 25 cents.

The strike has not been a hasty one, but has been under contemplation for some three months. The demands of the men were formally presented to the various roads, and were refused by the Erie, the Lehigh Valley and the Buffalo Creek roads. The men on these roads are the ones which have struck. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Lake Shore, and the Nickel Plate are paying what the strikers asked for.

Patrick Egan is coming home for a few days' visit. The minister to Chile will then learn for the first time that the British loving Democratic press has been saying mean things about him.

Up to date Cleveland hasn't been up to Fall River, Mass., to note the prosperity of the mill hands. There isn't any calamity news in that, and he don't want it.

The students of free trade maxims have a serious time trying to explain the cheap market prices of manufactured goods under the new tariff law.

Sixteen thousand pounds of tin were hauled down from the Temescal, Cal., mines last week. This will put a tin ear on the free trade liar.

Gideon's Band may make as much trouble as "the little German band," once so numerous.

AS TO "PERSONAL LIBERTY."

There is a strange degree of ignorance among many people as to the exact scope of the movement in favor of prohibition. The point which it seeks to make we shall try to elucidate. That intemperance is an evil to the individual, physically, morally and socially, every sensible person is willing to admit. Now, whose fault is it that the individual suffers that injury? There are three ways in which a man may sustain injury. First, it may be solely his own act, without any one else being in the least responsible therefor; second, it may be inflicted by another person, against the consent of the sufferer; and, third, it may come from his own passions, or vices, or appetites, which are gratified through other parties, who make a money profit through pandering to these appetites or vices, and encourage them in order that the profit may be greater.

In the first case, the state does not interfere. In the second, the injured person has full recourse at law—as, for instance, where a man is slandered by another; in the third, there is a distinction between the vice itself and its cultivation. With the personal vice, it is the claim of the "personal liberty" shriekers, as regards drinking, that the state should have no right to say what a man shall eat or drink; and this is not what prohibitory legislation is aimed at. But the state certainly has the right to interfere in a man's making it his occupation to cultivate and strengthen a vice in another person; and it is this which is the object of prohibition effort.

This statement may be put in another form—that while the state does not interfere with a man's personal morals, so long as they do not affect any other person, yet when they are acted upon unfavorably through the acts of another person, then it is its right and its duty to interfere. Public morality is one of the fundamental conditions of civilized society; and whenever any influence inimical thereto is exerted upon individual members of society by others, it becomes the duty of the state to interfere for his protection. That is to say, the law should lay its heavy hand upon the influence which works to the detriment of the individual.

There is in this no interference with "personal liberty." The individual stands, willing to do himself an injury by yielding to a vice. Beside him stands another man, ready and eager to furnish him the means whereby the injury may be done. Prohibition steps in with its mandate, "Let that man alone!" It stretches out the law's arm of power to take the rum fiend by the throat and save the victim, even though the latter be a willing one. The distinction is perfectly clear. There is no interference with the personal liberty of the man. He may ruin himself, by himself, if he be weak and vicious enough to do so; and the state declares simply that another shall not make a business of affording him an opportunity of aiding him in his work of self-ruin.

This principle is carried out in many ways by the law; the prohibition of the rum traffic is by no means the only instance. The state will not legalize gambling-houses, no matter how eager men may be to have an opportunity to gamble. It puts houses of ill-repute under the ban, no matter how many men of loose passions may desire to resort to them. The men who are willing to make money by offering to others the opportunity of self-degradation or self-injury must do it, if they do it at all, at the risk of the law's penalties. Who shall say that the rum traffic should be exempted from the operation of this rule?

The right and duty of the state to thus step in to prevent the temptation of the citizen, when men make a regular occupation of tempting, is unquestionable, upon the following grounds: The state has a necessary interest in the well-being and prosperity of every citizen. Though it can not control the low appetites and vicious desires of the individual, even though they work to his injury, it can and should stop any one who attempts to make a profit by pandering to them. Again, the state has a right and a duty to protect a citizen's family, and friends, and business associates, from the ruin which his vices would bring upon them. While the rum-seller has a selfish financial interest in having a man squander his money foolishly over his saloon counter, the friends and family of that man have an enormously greater right to protection; and it is the best interest of the state that the arm of the law should be stretched out in their behalf.

The plea of "personal liberty" is thus seen to be a specious one. It is simply that as the state cannot establish personal supervision over a man who is morally a weakling and prevent him from ruining himself, therefore it must allow the existence and perpetuation of an institution which is his tempter and which gives him the full opportunity of ruin. The man who is willing to be a drunkard is one person; the man who helps him to that undesirable end, in order that he may make money, is another. Whatever right, if any, the first man may have to become a drunkard stops with himself; it carries with it no right for the second man to aid him. The day is coming when the occupation of furnishing the means and opportunity of indulgence in a personal vice will be stopped by the law's strong hand; when the state will stop the distillery, the brewery, the saloon, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

WHITELAW REID'S SPEECH.

The Illinois League convention of Republican clubs is to be counted fortunate in that it introduced to the American public Whitelaw Reid in the, to him, new role of a political orator. As a writer on political topics his fame was long ago made. His speech at Springfield is evidence that the Republican party has been neglectful of its duty in not calling him to the rostrum years ago.

His speech was a logical, masterly effort, eminently suited to the occasion and the audience, and presenting Republican doctrine in a clear and forcible manner. Every line reveals the close thinker, the logical reasoner, and we do not see how any man of intelligence could listen to Mr. Reid's effort and not have his faith in Republicanism confirmed and strengthened. The Blade gives the speech in full to its readers to-day, and we warmly commend its careful perusal to every young voter, whether he be Republican, or Democrat, or possessed of the mugwump idea that he is a little better himself than the rest of his fellow-voters.

Can not Grover Cleveland find some good calamity news in these Tennessee reports?

Any one who read Cobb's speech will conclude that Watson was right.

They call him "Adlai the Axeman" now.

Campaign Prices

Of the Weekly Blade for the Presidential Year—Special Points for Every Republican.

Our short-time rates for the Weekly Blade for the Presidential campaign are now ready for anybody on application. We have made them so low as to barely cover the cost of the white paper on which The Blade is printed.

The Weekly Blade is the only weekly newspaper which is edited with a view to its circulation in every state and territory of the Union. It is the most popular paper in the country, and has the largest circulation of any weekly political newspaper in the United States.

Unlike all other Republican campaign literature circulated during the canvass, The Blade has many interesting features outside of politics. These are carefully read by all the members of the family, and it is not thrown away, as a pamphlet would be.

We take more interest in the Republican cause during a Presidential campaign than any other Republican weekly newspaper. The issues of the election are discussed in a plain, clear, easily understandable way.

While we have made our short term rates as low as we can possibly afford, with a view to obtaining large lists at every postoffice, we want correspondence from the Chairman of every Republican campaign committee who sees this, especially from those who desire to circulate from 100 to 500 or more copies of The Blade in their counties. To those we will make special terms. Write for them!

In every case, we expect to send The Blade direct to every subscriber; consequently we want the postoffice address of each individual who is to receive the paper.

We also want lists of names from anybody and everybody who takes an interest in Republican success, and will take the trouble to send them. To each name we will send specimen copies of The Blade. We hope every reader of The Blade will send us from 10 to 100 names, and that immediately.

We also desire the address of the chairman of every Republican county committee in the Union, and hope that some reader, in every county, will send the name and address of the chairman of his county, at once.

Upon the terms we have made for short time subscriptions, anybody can raise a club of 20 to 50 names in a few hours, and that at a profit to themselves, as well as to the benefit of the Republican party of the nation.

RETALIATING ON CANADA.

The Dominion of Canada imposed a toll of 20 cents a ton on all freight passing through the Welland canal in transit to a port of the United States, and also a further toll on all vessels of the United States and all passengers in transit to a port of the United States, all of which are without rebate; but on April 4, of this year, an order in council refunds 18 cents per ton of the 20 cents toll at the Welland canal on grain of different kinds, upon condition that they are originally shipped for and carried to Montreal or some port east of Montreal for export, and that, if transhipped at intermediate points, such transhipment is made within the Dominion of Canada, but allows no such or any other rebate on such products when shipped to a port of the United States, or when carried to Montreal for export, if transhipped within the United States.

As this was a plain violation of the treaty of Washington, in that it discriminates against this country, an act of Congress approved July 26, 1892, empowers the President of the United States, by proclamation, to deny free passage through the St. Mary's falls canal to the vessels of the subjects of the government discriminating against the citizens, port or vessels of the United States, or to any cargoes, parts of cargoes, passengers in transit to the port of the government making such discrimination, whether carried in the vessels of the United States or other nations.

In accordance with this act of Congress, President Harrison on Saturday, August 20, issued a proclamation, which directs that from and after September 1, 1892, until further notice, a toll of 20 cents per ton shall be levied on all description passing through the St. Mary's falls canal in transit to any port of the Dominion of Canada, whether carried in vessels of the United States or other nations.

When the attention of the Dominion of Canada was called, by Secretary of State Foster, to the discrimination in tolls, the Canadians decided to continue the rebate of 18 cents until the end of the present season. This was not satisfactory to our government, hence the proclamation.

The United States has been forbearing under a flagrant violation of treaty stipulation by the Dominion of Canada, and the action taken by the President was wise, as well as just, to the people against whom the discrimination was made.

The Canadians have been very irritating at times, while the United States on all occasions has exhibited a desire to have the most friendly relations exist with her neighbors across the border. But in this unreasonable and unjust act our government has very properly shown a firmness that may inure to the benefit of the Canadians, in that she will learn that she is dealing with a powerful nation which, while patient, will not permit the breaking of a treaty without consequent accountability.

The trade between this country and Canada is large, and she will now find a falling off in the revenue. The average carrying capacity of vessels trading between this country and Canada is about 650 tons.

The Falcon Iron and Nail company, of Youngstown, Ohio, has just let the contracts for the erection of its tin-plate plant, which is to be completed by January 1 next. The tinning house will have ten stacks, with a capacity of about 2,000 to 2,500 boxes a day, while the plant will turn out 6,000 tons a year. The mill will manufacture its own steel plates for tinning. Now let the tin plate liar watch the construction of this plant.

And now Henry Watterson, who said that the nomination of Cleveland meant a march through a slaughter-house into an open grave, has cut loose from the Force bill gang, and is howling "Down with the robber tariff!" and the star-eyed goddess is going to have a new wrap.

Joseph Pulitzer will have to raise a special fund to keep Alabama, Virginia, Tennessee and Missouri in line before he captures the Northwest.

Don't forget Bourke Cockran's pithy statement that Cleveland is popular "every day in the year but one—and that is election day."

FREE TRADE FALLACIES.

The "Golden Era"—From 1850 to 1860.

The decade from 1850 to 1860 is constantly referred to by free trade shriekers in proof of the assertion that free trade would not injure the prosperity of the country. The Blade has taken occasion several times to show the reasons for the prosperity during the earlier portion of that decade, and the ruin that followed in its closing years, because of the Walker low tariff, after causes which had postponed it had passed away. The last time we did this was in commenting upon an interview with Hon. Frank Hurd This has provoked the wrath of some of the howling dervishes of the free trade propaganda, notably the New York Weekly World, which appears to be prepared for circulation exclusively in country districts. At least, its more violent and sophistical utterances are not printed in the Daily World, so as to avoid the instant refutation they would meet at the hands of the Republican dailies of New York city.

Besides a stubborn reiteration of the plea that the decade in question was "the most prosperous American manufacturers ever knew," the World article denies that the Crimean war had any effect in this country, denies the extracts from Horace Greeley's Tribune articles, and a few minor denials, of no particular consequence to the main argument one way or the other. The remainder of The Blade's article is ignored. The writer's father was engaged in the grain business during the entire decade, and his old books tell the story of the prices paid for grain accurately. As to Horace Greeley's utterances, let the unknown critic step over to the Tribune office and ask Mr. Nicholson to allow him to look through the files of 1855, and he can verify the facts given by The Blade.

The one important statement in the answer is the following paragraph:

The decade between 1850 and 1860 was the most prosperous that American manufacturers ever knew. The capital invested increased 100 per cent. Between 1870 and 1880 it increased only 35 per cent. The value of the product increased 88 per cent between 1850 and 1860, and only 25 per cent between 1870 and 1880.

This is the old percentage trick. It reminds us of the story of the Texas paper town, which increased 400 per cent in population in a year. It had one inhabitant at the beginning of the year, and his brother, with his wife and two children, moved there during the year. The delusive character of this percentage trick can be well illustrated thus: If a man starts with $100, and at the end of the year has $200, he has made 100 per cent, or doubled his money. If he starts with $1,000, and at the end of the year has $1,800, he has made only 80 per cent. The free trade argument is that the first man made more than the second, because he made 100 per cent while the second only made 80 per cent. But compare the actual sums they made—the first $100, and the second $800—and the fallacy is clear. The true test is to take the figures. The total capital invested in manufactures, as given by the censuses, were as follows:

	Capital invested.
1850	$ 533,245,351
1860	1,009,855,715
1870	2,118,208,769
1880	2,790,272,606

That is to say, the capital invested in manufactures did not quite double itself from 1850 to 1860, while from 1860 to 1870 it a little more than doubled itself. The capital invested in 1870 was about four times what it was in 1850; it was over five times, in 1880, what it was in 1850; and the increase of capital from 1870 to 1880 alone was greater than the entire capital invested in 1850!

These figures show these facts: That the first decade of protection, from 1860 to 1870, showed a tremendous growth in our manufacturing industries. We transferred the bulk of the business of making goods to supply our needs, from Europe to this country; and since that time our manufactures have steadily grown with the growth of the country in population and wealth. If there is, in these facts, any comfort for free traders, they are welcome to it. The weekly World's article then goes on to say:

There was local distress of the severest kind among the poor, brought about by the financial panic, which was the result of the enormous increase in the gold currency and the consequent speculation and lavish waste of business. The natural result of this era of speculation had no more connection with the tariff than it had with the great comet.

Well, the hard times, the sharp distress among the poor, began more than two years before the panic, which occurred in 1857. In the New York Tribune, in the winter of 1855, two years before the panic, Horace Greeley said:

The cry of hard times reaches us from every part of the country. The making of roads is stopped, the factories are closed, and houses and ships are no longer being built. Factory hands, road makers, carpenters, bricklayers and laborers are idle, and paralysis is rapidly embracing every pursuit in the country. The cause of all this stoppage of circulation is to be found in the steady outflow of gold to pay foreign laborers for the cloth, the shoes, the iron and the other things that could be produced by American labor, but which cannot be so produced under our present revenue system.

And let us repeat what a Democratic President, James Buchanan, said in his message to Congress in December, 1857:

With unsurpassed plenty in all the productions and all the elements of natural wealth, our manufacturers have suspended, our public works are retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds are abandoned and thousands of useful laborers are thrown out of employment and reduced to want. We have possessed all the elements of material wealth in rich abundance, and yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, our country, in its monetary interests, is in a deplorable condition.

And in a later message, President Buchanan showed that he felt the low tariff to be at the bottom of the whole trouble, for he recommended a general increase of the tariff, arguing that the "incidental protection" thus afforded would "to some extent increase the confidence of the manufacturing interests and give a fresh impulse to our reviving business." Here we have the Democratic President publicly acknowledging that his party's policy, after fourteen years of trial, was a disastrous failure, and urging the adoption of the policy of his antagonists!

The proof that the tariff was the pregnant cause of all the nation's woes is shown in what Congress did. In spite of the fact that the Democratic national platform of 1860 endorsed the free trade idea, a protective tariff bill was passed, because of the demands of the people, and it became a law in 1861. We tried a low tariff for fourteen years, and a Democratic Congress was compelled to go against its party's platform and adopt a protective tariff.

The duty on linseed oil affords another object lesson to those who have not yet fathomed the utter falsity of free trade theories. The new tariff law increased the duty on this oil. The free trade theorists shouted that there would be an increase of price. The price two years ago was 57 cents a gallon; now it is 34 cents. So was the free trade theory negatived by cold, hard facts.

THE NEW BRITISH CABINET.

The new British Cabinet is announced, and the list of names is both a disappointment and a surprise—a disappointment to the Tories, in that it is stronger than they had hoped; a surprise, in that it is largely composed of young men; and withal the selections so well made that the average British citizen must perforce be satisfied that the nation's interests are safe in its keeping.

The appointment of Lord Rosebery as minister of State for Foreign Affairs, puts one of the best and safest of living British diplomats at the head of the nation's foreign policy. He is popular with all classes, and every one concedes his ability. John Morley becomes Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was a Home Ruler before Gladstone took up that cause, and his appointment was made at the request of the Irish members of Parliament. Mr. Asquith, who is the most brilliant debater in the Liberal ranks, and a young man of uncommon ability, is the new Home Secretary, and Mr. Balfour will find him a tough antagonist on the floor of the Commons.

Among the other prominent appointments are the Marquis of Ripon, as secretary of State for the Colonies, who made an excellent record while Viceroy of India, and whose tact and experience have made him very popular; Arnold Morley as Postmaster General, who is a thoroughly able business man, and owes his preferment to his faithful service as a Liberal "whip" in the House of Commons; and Baron Houghton, the new Viceroy of Ireland. The latter appointment was received with surprise everywhere, as he is young, and but little known to the British public. It is believed his appointment is due to the personal expression of the Queen's wish for his selection, as he has been one of her lords in waiting.

The remaining posts are well filled, and the political sagacity of Mr. Gladstone is seen in the fact that he has selected men who, while truly Liberal in their views, are not of the more radical wing of that party. The radicals are disgusted with their non-recognition, but the tenor of British opinion is that the Cabinet is composed of eminently reputable men. Mr. Gladstone seems to have preferred tried colleagues, certain not deviate into strange ways. His three new Cabinet ministers, Messrs. Asquith, Arnold Morley, and Acland, are sound Liberals. Mr. Asquith alone is slightly tainted with Radicalism, but he has a legal mind, with such a strong bias toward high office as makes him malleable on principles. Arnold Morley is in everything Gladstonian. Mr. Acland has potent old whig family connections and is heir to large estates. Altogether, the Cabinet is a good one, and Tory criticism vents itself in petty personalities rather than in grave impeachment of the talents and capabilities of the members.

THE TENNESSEE WAR.

The trouble at Coal Creek, Tennessee, and other points, in that mining region, are from the same cause which brough on the rioting at Briceville, in the same section, a few months ago. It is an effort of the miners to get rid of competition with convicts. Several of the Southern states, Tennessee among the number, sell the labor of their convicts to the highest bidder, instead of confining them in penitentiaries. The contractor who bids the highest uses the convicts at any labor he chooses. In some cases they are employed on contracts for public works, in some in railway building, and in Tennessee in mining coal.

The convicts, in their striped garb, work in the mines side by side with free miners. The latter are bitterly opposed to the working with the convicts, being thus brought into direct companionship and competition. They complain that the convict contract labor keeps down their own wages, and infringes upon their own rights as freemen. The present outbreak is to compel by force the withdrawal of the convicts. The stockaded camps in which the latter are quartered have been burned, and it is probable that, when the state troops do overcome the rioting miners—as they certainly will do—the state will, upon one pretext or another, annul its its contract with the mine-owners and remove the obnoxious convicts.

Then the question will come up, what disposition is to be made of the convicts? It has for a long time been The Blade's view that they should be employed, in every state, in the construction of turnpikes—the conversion of the "mud roads," which are a disgrace to our civilization, into modern highways. We can think of no occupation for them which would come less into competition with free labor, and be more beneficial to the people at large. Tennessee needs improved roads. Let the state build them, and levy a special tax on the county, or township, or the abutting property, sufficient to pay the cost of subsisting, clothing and guarding the convicts. This would be much less than the amount needed to be raised by taxation if the roads were built by free labor.

Tennessee Democracy is all torn up. Two years ago Governor Buchanan was nominated and elected by the Democrats, the Alliance being within the Democratic lines. But the old Bourbon element was restless under a state administration which gave the Alliance men political recognition, and defeated Buchanan for renomination because of his Alliance ideas. Now he has entered the race as an independent candidate for governor, on a People's party platform, and he will receive the votes of that party. If Buchanan receives the support of this element, to the extent of even 30,000 votes in the whole state, Mr. Winstead, the Republican nominee, will be elected governor.

That low, gruff moaning sound, like the bass pipes of a church organ attacked by colic, which rises and falls on the Eastern breeze, is only the voice of Grover Cleveland swearing at his luck.

These troubles about convicts in Tennessee are apt to keep Brice so busy that he won't be able to do much campaigning for Cleveland. Briceville and other points need his attention.

We doubt very much whether W. A. Taylor can get a Nancy Hanks move on himself in the present Ohio campaign; and unless he does, his name is mud.

Wonder if the Democratic party won't kick, in the next world, on allowing negroes to go to heaven? No "negro domination!"

"STEVENSON and cleveland" is the way the old anti-Cleveland organs of the Democratic party talk the ticket.

Ex-Governor Gray is booked for the sulky race at Indiana political fairs this fall.

Already the Democratic campaign managers are asking "Where am I at?"

A BRITISH TIN MAN TALKS.

Mr. J. H. Rogers, the managing partner of the great Welsh tin plate manufacturing firm of E. Morewood & Co., was recently interviewed by the London Iron and Steel Trades Journal, and his remarks make very interesting reading for people on this side of the Atlantic. That firm is building a large tin plate plant at Norristown, Pa., and Mr. Rogers has just returned to England from a visit there. He talks thus frankly about the Norristown enterprise:

We intend to make a hard fight to keep our works here and at Cwmbwrla running. Our American works are what is called in sporting terms a "hedge," so that if the actions of the leaders of the working people and the House of Parliament make it unprofitable for us to carry on our works in this country, we shall still be able to be large manufacturers.

The reporter who interviewed him next asked the leading question, "Supposing Mr. Cleveland were elected, what do you think would be the effect of his policy?" Mr. Rogers frankly answered:

I think the result would be that the duties would be gradually lowered, and that wages would consequently fall. The working classes would, of course, not be willing to remain without work, and manufacturers would have to reduce wages to enable them to compete successfully with other countries. Wages in America are at present about double what they are here, but if America adopted free trade they would probably be reduced by one-half, and become equal to the wages paid here. The question of free trade or protection in America is, therefore, of far more importance to the working class of America than it is to any class in this country. In America the working class earn high wages at present, and the cost of living out there is so little more than it is here, that they have much greater comfort and are able to save more rapidly.

Here is a statement as to the rates of wages which every American, be he Democratic or Republican in politics, must admit to be true. Mr. Rogers had no possible interest in falsifying on the wages question. He is stating a simple business proposition. The Democratic free trade policy, if carried out, would reduce wages. The working people of this country would be compelled to submit to the reduction, or go without work. Note also that he admits two facts which the Republicans constantly set before the people—First, that our working classes "earn high wages;" second, that "the cost of living is so little more" than it is in England; that the workingmen "have much greater comfort, and are able to save more rapidly." These are facts for every American workingman to ponder carefully.

Further on in the interview, Mr. Rogers stated the theory which some Democrats in this country gave to him as the effects of a free trade policy on wages here:

Proceeding, Mr. Rogers remarked that some of the Democrats said: "We are quite prepared to admit that if the duties are reduced wages will have to be correspondingly reduced, but our aim is that wages shall be so far reduced that our manufacturers can undersell Europe in neutral markets, such as India, Australia, etc., but we believe that the cost of living and of luxuries should also be so reduced that workmen would be as well off at the lower wages as they are now at the higher wages.

"To undersell Europe," it will be necessary for wages here to be cut to the European standard. But where are the "neutral markets" of the world? But two are mentioned—India and Australia. The wages of labor in India averages 15 cents a day, and her people consume only the lowest grades of manufactured goods. Their clothing is the cheapest cotton stuff, as the climate is too warm for woolens. That country would furnish us no market whatever for our agricultural surplus, as she is our competitor in European markets with her breadstuffs. We fail to find any "neutral market" in Australia. Every colony of that island is now protectionist. New South Wales adhered to free trade until she got into such great financial straits that the people, seeing their neighbor, Victoria, prospering under protection, made that a political issue, and recently elected a protectionist majority in the Colonial Parliament.

It is part of the free trade scheme in this county to ignore the fact that every civilized country on the globe today is more or less protectionist, except Great Britain alone. All the great nations of the world are keeping their home markets for their home industries, and our goods would have to pay heavy duties to be sold there. The "markets of the world," all put together, are not as valuable as our own. Is it good business to give away the more valuable for the less valuable, at the cost of cutting our workingmen's wages in half?

The increase in our exports of pork and hog products, for the ten months ending June 30, is seen by the following table which gives the figures of our exports to the three countries in which the rescinding of the prohibition had been operative for ten months, for that period of this year as compared with the same period of the previous year:

	1892.	1891.	Increase.
Denmark	$ 880,015	$ 841,261	$ 18,754
Germany	8,822,020	6,996,946	2,025,074
Italy	131,208	106,667	24,541

In Austria-Hungary the decree rescinding the prohibition of the importation of American pork had been in operation for seven months, in France but six months and in Spain one month. While the figures show a goodly increase, it is also plainly to be seen that the prejudices of the people against American pork must be overcome by time. As they see that no harm comes from using our pork, the demand will increase.

Mr. James F. Burke, president of the American Republican College League, has issued a circular urging all college men who are Republicans to lose no time in joining the league, and also to attend the national convention of the Republican League, which is to be held at Buffalo, September 1 and 2. A special session of the convention is to be devoted to the interests of the college clubs, and it is hoped they will be largely represented.

Adlai
Rhymes with
Gladly,
Badly,
And in
November
Will be
Sung to
Sadly!

The utter incapacity of the Democratic party for official business has a fresh and very striking illustration in the news item which states that Governor Brown, of Kentucky, has vetoed the only important measure passed by the legislature, a revenue bill, which it took nine months to frame. The work of the session is thus practically valueless.

The Democrats begin to realize how it feels to take hold of the hot end of the poker unawares. The "force bill" issue taught them the lesson.

Tom Watson fainted from exhaustion the other day at a political meeting in Georgia. But he did not say, "Mr. Speaker, where am I at?"

The trade of Mexico is coming largely our way. More of our steamers entered Mexican ports last year than of all other nations combined.

"Nasby in Exile."

A Humorous Book of Travel by D. R. Locke ("Nasby")—An Offer No One Can Afford to Miss.

Read the different offers made on the fifth page of this issue for the above work. "Nasby in Exile" is an unique book. It not only is valuable as a book of travel, but there runs through it a vein of satire and humor—and such a vein as only "Nasby" could write—making it as good in its way as Mark Twain's "New Pilgrim's Progress" was in its line.

The manners and customs of European people—the things in daily life and travel that the observing American meets at every turn of his peregrinations—are here set down, and commented upon in the half-humorous, half-satiric manner, which gave the "Nasby Letters" world-wide fame. The spelling is not of the Nasby pattern, but the qualities that made the name of D. R. Locke illustrious as the greatest of American satirists are all there, and shine forth from every page. Read the offers on the fifth page, and send in your order. Call the attention of your friends who are not readers of The Blade to it. They will thank you for the information.

Send for campaign terms for the Weekly Blade. We are sending it for three and six months, in clubs, at a less cost than that of the white paper on which it is printed!

Let everybody send for campaign terms. Drop us a postal card by return mail, asking for them.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

The number of Americans in Europe is this year greater than ever before in the history of continental travel. There has never been such an efflux of passengers for foreign ports as during the present summer, and steamship state-rooms are engaged weeks ahead on returning ships. London is fairly swarming this year with the crowds of Americans.

The Paris edition of the New York Herald publishes the following list of passengers carried during the three summer months—May, June and July:

North German Lloyd, New York to Southampton and Bremen	5,350
North German Lloyd, New York to Genoa	1,600
Hamburg-American, New York to Southampton and Hamburg	5,900
Hamburg-American, Baltimore to Hamburg	1,000
Cunard, New York to Liverpool	5,100
Cunard, Boston to Liverpool	2,400
White Star, New York to Liverpool	5,850
Inman, New York to Liverpool	5,850
Guion, New York to Liverpool	3,500
Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, New York to Havre	5,850
Anchor, New York to Glasgow	3,400
State-Line, New York to Glasgow	2,500
American, Philadelphia to Liverpool	2,000
Wilson, New York to Hull	1,000
Red Star, New York to Antwerp	3,500
Netherlands-American, New York to Rotterdam	3,000
Thingvalla, New York to Christiania	1,000
Total	60,000

Fifteen thousand more went in the steerage or by smaller boats, and by roundabout ways, so that 75,000 Americans is not a large figure.

The amount of money spent is enormous. The average is not less than $7.50 a day, and that makes a total of $562,500 spent with the clamoring European every day, or $3,937,500 every week. In seventeen weeks, the Herald figures that $67,037,500 would be expended.

This must explain in a great measure the continued shipment of gold to Europe. Letters of credit are the usual method of carrying funds, and to meet the difference, gold must be shipped to Europe.

THE SILVER CONFERENCE.

The members so far appointed to the international silver conference are of the highest standing, and it becomes clear that the deliberations and conclusions of that body will command respect all over the civilized world on this account. The United States commissioners are: Hon. W. B. Allison, of Iowa; Hon. John P. Jones, of Nevada; Hon. James B. McCreary, of Kentucky; Hon. Henry W. Cannon, of New York, and Hon. Francis A. Walker, of Massachusetts. Sir William Henry Houldsworth, Bart.; Hon. Sir Charles William Freemantle, K. C., and Bertram Currie have been named as the British commissioners.

The American members are all representative men, standing for the various interests involved, and representing the various sections of the country. It would be hard to find a set of men who would better represent the interests of this, the world's greatest silver-producing country, and at the same time who can be depended upon not to indorse any plan which would derange the world's finances, and those of the United States in particular. We are more hopeful for a successful outcome of the deliberations of this body, since the names of the American delegates have been announced.

The situation in India because of the decline in silver seems to be really grave. The business men are thoroughly alarmed, and the President of the Currency association, at Calcutta, has addressed an urgent letter to the local government, asking it to acquaint the home government with the serious nature of the outlook, thus supplementing the call already made by the trading community and emphasizing the fact that free coinage of a metal whose price steadily declines because of its abundance, means ruin if not checked.

The Solid South is displaying fractures in several states. First came Alabama, then Tennessee, and now Texas. The Democratic state convention in that state is split in two. The Clark faction, refused admittance to the convention hall, met in another room and named their favorite for governor. The regular convention, at this writing, has not named a candidate. Probably it will do so to-day.

Far-off Afghanistan is again a center of interest to students of European politics. There is a formidable insurrection there against the Ameer, and the insurgents are receiving aid from Russia. It will pay to watch the course of events, for from such a beginning may come a struggle between Russia and England in which India will be the stake.

How much value the Democratic Congressmen set on a platform pledge is illustrated by the action of the filibusters of the House against the World's Fair $5,000,000 bill, in the face of the plank of the Chicago platform pledging liberal support to the Fair.

Talk to the housewives of the land about "McKinley prices," and you will find they cannot recall when any article of clothing, food or household use could be bought as cheaply as to-day.

What has Europe done for us that we should make her a present of our market, the greatest in the world, and throw tens of thousands of our own people out of employment?

CURRENT EVENTS

Of Waterloo veterans France has eight left.

Fewer suicides occur in Ireland than in any other country.

A petrified log cabin has been unearthed at Waveland, Ind.

A Maryland widow set a bear trap and caught a young man.

Wars during the last 33 years have cost 2,500,000 men and $3,000,000,000.

One-eighth of New York city is owned by 117 individuals and estates.

They have shot a leopard in Bengal credited with destroying 154 persons.

An adult laboring man uses up about five ounces of his muscle every day.

A Kansas farmer recently sold his farm for the unique price of 100,000 cigars.

The Japanese have excelled all other peoples in the manipulation of iron.

King George II., of England, was the sponsor for the Southern state of Georgia.

More divorces are granted in the United States than in all the rest of the Christian world.

Live fish have recently safely been sent in the mails from India to the British Museum.

It is said that a number of women editors in the United States receive salaries of $5,000.

In the year ending June 30, 1890, the railroads of this country carried 492,450,000 passengers.

The fastest time in which a train has been known to travel a mile is 49 seconds and a fraction.

America is a big country. It contains land enough to give every person in it a farm of 100 acres.

A clock 25 feet square and 40 feet high will be one of the Australian exhibits at the World's Fair.

Publishers' Desk.

NO DOUBLE PREMIUM.

We have recently had several cases where clubs were sent in, each subscriber to have a copy of "Nasby in Exile," and the club-raiser expecting a sewing machine, or a china set, as a premium also. We do not announce any such arrangement. If the subscribers get each a premium the club-raiser must not expect any. Please note this point carefully.

OUR PORTRAIT OF HARRISON.

We are sending out a magnificent portrait, from a very recent photograph, of President Harrison, which shows him exactly as he looks to-day. This portrait is not the same as that we gave with the Weekly Blade four years ago, but is an entirely new one, engraved since the Minneapolis convention. It is very much larger, very much finer, and printed on better paper than that we offered as a premium in 1888.

We cannot give the portrait to all subscribers to the Weekly Blade this year, as we did before, because it is too expensive to present to low-priced campaign club subscribers. But we will send a copy of this new Harrison portrait to any person sending us

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for the Weekly Blade three months, or

FIFTY CENTS for the Weekly Blade six months, or

ONE DOLLAR for the Weekly Blade one year,

PROVIDED, the portrait is asked for when you send your order.

Of course, we do not mean to give but one premium to $1 yearly subscribers. Those who ask for the portrait must not expect any other premium in connection with their yearly subscriptions. Before the end of the campaign we will make an announcement for the benefit of our regular yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade who want the portrait. Address all orders to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

ABOUT "NASBY IN EXILE."

We promised, some time ago, that we should make an offer by which any of our regular subscribers desiring it should be able to obtain a copy of "Nasby in Exile." If the reader will turn to the advertisement of "Nasby in Exile," on the fifth page, and read the terms on which the book may be obtained, he will find under the "Fourth" offer, one addressed to regular subscribers. Read it, and send for the book. You will not regret it.

By the way, we wish some of our friends who have already obtained the book and read it, would take time to write to us and tell us how they like it. We shall be glad to have their opinions.

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," with Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

It is a neat pamphlet of 43 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for SIX CENTS (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1." Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system.

Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold by Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

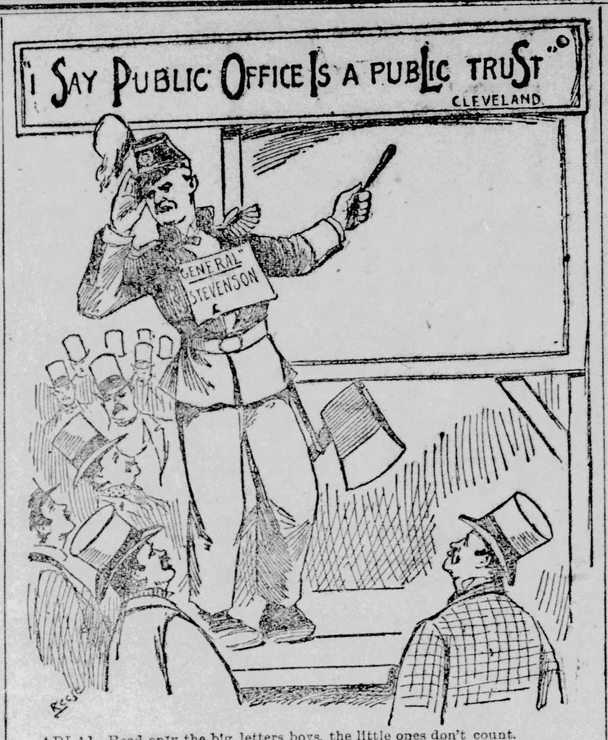
A DESCENDANT OF A KING.

The Royal Lineage of the Missouri Prohibition Candidate.

Col. John Sobieski, the Prohibition party's candidate for governor of Missouri, is said to be a lineal descendant of King John Sobieski, of Poland, the deliverer of Vienna. The colonel was born in Warsaw in 1842, his father being Count John Sobieski, one of the largest landholders in the country. The father and a brother, Michael, took part in the revolt of 1847 against Russia. Michael was killed in a battle and the count was executed for treason. The countess, deprived of her interest in the estate, left Poland with her little son John and became an exile in England, where she died in 1854. John Sobieski, a mere boy, landed in New York in 1861, and enlisted in the army of the Potomac. After the war he entered the service of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. Returning to the United States he settled in Minnesota, and was soon afterward elected to the legislature. On the anti-[illegible] of temperance Sobieski is regarded as a fanatic. He is well known as a temperance lecturer. In 1882 he changed his residence to Neosho, Mo.

Did She Win Him Back?

She (showing her birthday gifts)—And oh, George, here is such a lovely book on etiquette. I mean to let you read it first. And now the wonders why he is angry.—Boston Courier.



ADLAI—Read only the big letters boys, the little ones don't count.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

KNOWN IN SCIENCE.

Dr. Louis Pasteur Who is ill in His Paris Home.

Louis Pasteur, the great French chemist, was born in Dole, December 27, 1822. He took his first degree in 1847, and was professor of physical sciences at Dijon, from 1848 to 1849, and afterward of chemistry at Strasburg till 1854, when he organized the new faculty of science at Lille. Toward the end of 1863 he assumed the chair of geology,

physical science and chemistry at the school of fine arts, and afterward that of chemistry at the Sorbonne. In 1873 he was elected an associate member of the Academy of Medicine, and the government granted him in 1874 a pension of 20,000 francs.

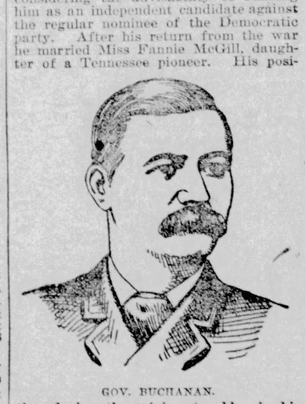
He is most widely known for his opposition to the doctrine of spontaneous generation and his researches in fermentation. He maintains that all fermentations are processes connected with life, and not of spontaneous production, but that the living organism must proceed from a parent of the same kind. Therefore fermentation can never take place if all access of germs to a fermentable substance is prevented.

He acquired great celebrity, and received in 1856 the Rumford medal for his researches on the relation of the polarization of light with hemihedrals in crystal and other researches, a French prize for his works on fermentation, in 1859, and a Jecker prize, in 1861, for his chemical labors. He discovered that glycerine is one of the products of fermentation. He also made a number of interesting researches on racemic acid, discovering that when racemate of ammonium is mixed with a small quantity of beer yeast and exposed to a temperature of 83° Fahrenheit, fermentation takes place and the racemic acid is converted into levotartoric acid.

GOVERNOR BUCHANAN.

The Present Executive of Tennessee —The Mining Trouble.

Governor John P. Buchanan, of Tennessee, was born in Franklin, in that state, October 24, 1847, and at the outbreak of the war went into the Confederate army. He served two terms in the legislature, and was nominated for governor through the influence of the Farmers' Alliance, which is now considering the advisability of running him as an independent candidate against the regular nominee of the Democratic party. After his return from the war he married Miss Fannie McGill, daughter of a Tennessee pioneer. His posi-



GOV. BUCHANAN.

tion during the mining troubles in his state has been severely criticised, and the anxiety and worry brought about his serious illness. His most recent act was the abrogation of the convict leases held by the mining corporations of his state.

No Cause for Alarm.

Wife—The cat is in the pantry eating the cold steak. Come and drive her out.

Husband—Is that the steak you cooked for dinner?

"Yes."

"Then, I reckon the cat's gone already."—Texas Siftings.

ONE OF THE SENSIBLE SORT.

She can peel and boil potatoes,
Make a salad of tomatoes,
But she doesn't know a Latin noun from Greek;
And so well she cooks a chicken
That your appetite 'twould quicken
But she cannot tell what's modern from antique.

She knows how to set a table
And make order out of Babel
But she doesn't know Euripides from Kant;
Once at making pies I caught her,
A real expert must have taught her
But she cannot tell true eloquence from rant.

She has quite a firm conviction
She ought only to read fiction
And she doesn't care for science, not a bit;
She likes a plot that thickens,
And she's very fond of Dickens,
From Copperfield to Martin Chuzzlewit.

She can make her hats and dresses,
Till a fellow fair confesses
That there's not another maiden half so sweet;
She's immersed in home completely,
Where she keeps all things so neatly,
But from Browning not a line can she repeat.
(Thank goodness.)

Well, in fact, she's just a maiden
That whatever she's arrayed in
Makes her look just like the heroine of a play;
'Twould be foolish to have tarried,
So to-morrow we'll be married.
And I'm certain I shall ne'er regret the day.

—Yankee Blade.

THE TARIFF DID IT.

It Has Forced the Listers to Make Plush in This Country—The Firm Has Moved From England to Jamestown.

New York Press:—Henry R. Lister, the head of the big Lister firm of plush manufacturers of Huddersfield, England, is now a resident of this country and the famous plush made by the firm will hereafter be manufactured in this country, the business having been removed from Huddersfield and brought here in consequence of the McKinley law. There is a great deal of the Lister plush sold in this country, where it is so well known that it is asked for more than the goods of any other firm. Mr. Lister has been in the United States for several months, preparing for the manufacture of the plush, and a big factory will soon be in operation at Jamestown, New York. Recently Mr. Lister sent to England for his family and his household goods, and on August 11 he went to the custom house and cleared twenty-five cases containing his personal effects, with which he will furnish his home in Jamestown.

"We were compelled to come to this country," said he, "because of the increased duty on the goods of our manufacture. The plush we make is so extensively sold in this country that we found we could better afford to bring the industry here and employ workmen and do the work here than we could to give up the American trade altogether. Our foreign trade will be taken care of by a branch house in Huddersfield. We have not entirely given up the manufacture of plushes in England by any means, but the main factory has come here, and most of the work will be done at Jamestown. Just how many people we will employ I cannot say now, but the chances are they will number several hundred."

CHAIRMAN SWEENEY.

The Man at the Head of the Switchmen's Strike at Buffalo.

F. M. Sweeney, president of the National Association of Switchmen, has his headquarters at No. 15 Pacific street, Chicago, but is at present in

F. M. SWEENEY.

charge of the Switchmen's affairs at Buffalo. He is still a young man, not over 35, and was elected to his present position three years ago. Mr. Sweeney has always counselled peaceful methods and made a decided hit by a strong speech last week before the state board of arbitration. In this he deplored the acts of violence, said they were not countenanced by the association, and outlined the demands of the Switchmen in a most forcible speech. The Switchmen look upon him as the best organizer in the labor movement to-day, and regard the remarkable growth of the association as due largely to his untiring efforts.

A FAST TRAVELER.

The Fly Can Beat Any Locomotive on Earth.

J. A. Bascomb, of Little Rock, Ark., is of the opinion that the fly is the fastest traveler in the world. To a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter he relates his observations on a railroad journey, as follows: "I had a splendid opportunity a few weeks ago to witness an exhibition of the fly's speed by which it could be approximately measured. I rode out of Little Rock early one morning over the Little Rock and Memphis Railroad. My business necessitated my occupying a seat in the engineer's cab. The air was chill and crisp, and as we passed through a stretch of swamp I noticed that great swarms of little green flies that abound in the Arkansas swamps were attracted to the locomotive by its heat. They appeared almost frozen. When we stopped for a minute they fluttered around the smoke-stack and the boiler, and soon seemed to get thawed out. When we started again they flew along close to the engine to keep warm. Going on a down-grade of forty-five miles in length we ran a mile a minute. The flies easily kept up with us, and, in fact, really went faster than we traveled, for every little while they would fly away from the engine, and then come back to us. I am confident their speed was greater than a mile a minute, and I will venture the assertion that they then didn't reach the limit."

A Fellow Feeling.

Gallant Stranger—You are in trouble, miss; permit me to help you.

Beauty in Distress—Go 'way, please!

Gallant Stranger—All right, but I could fix it in a moment. I've had my suspenders give way lots of times. Here's a pin, anyhow.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Constitutional Limitation.

A woman can wash and a woman can bake,
And a woman can sew all day,
But she cannot neglect her neighbor's affairs,
Because she ain't built that way.
—Punxsutawney Spirit.

They Generally Get Things Reversed.

Miss Belle—"I am afraid that the Van Wranglers will remain in the city this summer."

"How so?"

Miss Belle—"Why, I see that the papers announce their intention of spending the season at Bar Harbor."—Judge.

Very Scarce.

Old McFadd—Do you collect anything?

Charlie Smart—I collect my thoughts occasionally.

Old McFadd—Ah, I suppose you get some rare specimens!—Puck.

Science Causerie.

Facts About the Aurora.

During the present century there have been some remarkable auroral displays. On September 3, 1839; September 25, 1841, and November 17, 1848, displays were observed simultaneously over a large portion of the globe. The display of August 28, 1859, was seen over about 140 degrees of longitude, from California to Central Europe. On September 2, of the same year, there was a fine display, visible in North America and Europe. At the same time an aurora australis was observed in South America and New Holland. In the winter of 1869 there was a display in New England so brilliant that ordinary print could be read by its light. On May 13, of the same year, there was a noteworthy display in Paris, which was fortunate enough to have two other displays in the same year. On April 16, 1882, and in November, of the same year, there were fine displays. The display during the last month was so generally observed, and has been so fully described, that it is unnecessary to say anything more about it here. Apparently there were numerous displays in the sixteenth century, and few in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And it was not until the present century that any serious attempt was made to study the aurora. The most favorable latitude for the observation of the aurora borealis is between 65 and 75 degrees north. In some places within this territory the "lights" are visible nearly every night. A spectrum analysis of the auroral clouds gives only a negative result, as it shows that they are composed of the same substance as the sun's corona. Altogether it may be said that science, which has made so much advance in other fields of investigation, has done almost nothing to clear up the mystery that now envelops the aurora borealis and its presumed connection with the internal economy of the sun.

Liquid Oxygen.

Prof. Dewar gave a very interesting lecture at the royal institution, a few days ago, on liquefied oxygen and liquefied air. He produced both liquefied oxygen and liquefied air, the oxygen in pints. Even the liquefied air was handed round in claret glasses. Liquid oxygen boils in air at minus 182 degrees centigrade—that is 182 degrees of the centigrade scale below zero. The liquid oxygen placed between the poles of Faraday's great magnet behaved like a metal, leaping up to the poles and clinging to them till it disappeared as gas. But liquid oxygen, though so strongly magnetic, is a very bad conductor of electricity. It is a non-conducting magnet.

He showed, too, that so far as chemists can judge, there is probably no oxygen in the sun—the oxygen of the earth's atmosphere accounting for all the oxygen lines in the solar spectrum. The boiling point of liquid air is minus 192 degrees centigrade, or 10 degrees lower than that of oxygen. It is not true, as had been supposed, that the oxygen in the air liquefies before the other elements in the air; on the contrary, the air liquefies as air and is not dissolved into its elements before liquefying. If this globe were cooled down to 200 degrees below the zero of centigrade it would be covered with a sea of liquefied air 35 feet deep, of which about seven feet would be liquid oxygen.—London Spectator.

The Wonderful Nile.

The Nile has a fall of but six inches to the thousand miles! The overflow commences in June every year and continues until August, attaining an elevation of from 24 to 26 feet above low water mark, and flowing through the "Valley of Egypt" in a turbulent body twelve miles wide. During the last thousand years there has been but one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned. After the waters recede each year the exhalations from the mud are simply intolerable to all except natives. This mud deposit adds about eight inches to the soil every century, and throws a muddy embankment from twelve to fifteen feet into the sea every year.

Smokeless Powders.

Smokeless powders are rapidly securing universal adoption. They are expected to be especially advantageous in naval actions, enabling the captain of a ship to keep the enemy well in view, manoeuvre his vessel to advantage, judge of the proper moment to use his ram, and see torpedoes in time to avoid them. Such powders are made in a curious shape, being turned out in the form of sheets rolled like maps, which are cut first into large square strips and finally into little cubes.

"Herculite."

Herculite, a new French explosive, is a yellowish-gray powder, composed of sawdust, camphor, nitrate of potash and several substances that are kept secret. It cannot be fired by sparks, flame or detonation. At a trial, a half-pound charge of the compound was inserted in a blast hole about four feet in depth, tamped with sand and earth, and fired by a special igniter. A block of stone of about 30 tons was displaced.

Scientific Items.

In speaking of the solidification of a body by cooling, Professor Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

Investigations of rain drops lead to the conclusion that some of the large drops must be more or less hollow, as they fail when striking to wet the whole surface inclosed within the drop.

Sir Henry Bessemer suggests the substitution of aluminum tokens for bank notes of small denominations. He says that with the recent progress in the science of metallurgy these tokens could be made in a fashion that would set all the arts of forgery at defiance.

GROVER IS GLAD.

SOME GOOD CALAMITY NEWS.

Norwalk, O., Aug. 17.—The grasshopper is devasting some sections of county, eating grass and grain, wiping the fields clean.

SONG OF THE CORN.

I am the national flower,
The pride of plants,
American maize, sometimes called corn.
When I wave my leaves
Let other vegetables lie down,
And when I flount my tassel in the air
Let other flowers subside.
The seasons and the weather are mine;
For me the rains fall and the sun shines.
The hotter it is the better I like it.
When it is ninety degrees in the shade
I thrive, but when it is one hundred
I rejoice. I toil not, neither do I spin,
Yet Solomon in all his glory
Could not stand the heat as I can.
When men perspire by day
And sweat by night,
I simply grow.
The hotter it is the faster I grow.
Hence roasting ears, corn bread,
Flap-jacks, cerealine,
Hominy, corn starch pudding
And whiskey.
Man is born unto sweat as
The sparks fly upward:
But my mission is to rejoice
In the heat and grow big
While humidity wilts and withers.
Therefore, lift up your voices,
Ye sons of men,
Wipe the perspiration from your faces
And sing aloud my praises,
The praises of corn,
Which rejoices in the heat
And sweats not. —Indianapolis Journal.

THE "GRAND OLD MAN."

For the Fourth Time Mr. Gladstone is the Real Head of the British Government—Record as a Statesman.

London, Aug. 20.—Premier for the fourth time, thus breaking the record, leader of a great reform movement at the age of 82!. There is in this reflection alone logic enough to refute the hostile theories concerning Mr. Gladstone that are advocated by his political opponents.

Mr. Gladstone's career is the most remarkable in the political history of England. No one can deny that he has a

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

genius for statecraft, and that that genius manifested itself when he was a very young man, yet he was not one of those youthful wonders who attain to high office at a single bound. Lord Randolph Churchill was the leader of the House of Commons at 36, Mr. Balfour at 44, but Mr. Gladstone did not reach that coveted position until he was 56 years old.

Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament when he was 23 years old, shortly after he had completed a brilliant course at the university of Oxford. Two years later, in 1834, he was made a junior lord of the treasury, and in 1835 under secretary for the colonies. In 1852 he became chancellor of the exchequer in the cabinet of the earl of Aberdeen, and he subsequently held the same office when Palmerston was premier. On the death of that statesman, in 1865, he became leader of the house, and it was in 1868 that he was first called upon to form a government.

Pitt was premier at 25, but Gladstone was 59 when he secured the great prize.

Mr. Gladstone was premier from 1868 to 1874, when he was succeeded by Mr. Disraeli, and again from 1880 to 1885, when he was succeeded by Lord Salisbury. In the general elections of that year the Liberals were returned with a strength about equal to that of the Conservatives and Parnellites combined. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Lord Salisbury could govern without Parnell, who was ready to negotiate with either. Home rule had not been mentioned during the campaign, but home rule was what Parnell was after. His terms were too stiff for the Conservatives, who were naturally his enemies, and who cut a curious figure negotiating with him at all.

They went far enough, however, to demonstrate the insincerity of their criticisms of Gladstone for his love of power. On the other hand, the Liberal leader certainly astonished the British electors when he devoted a whole session of parliament to his home rule bill. But his conduct is easily explained, and without discredit to himself, by a consideration of the tenor of his whole life and the circumstances in which he was placed. It is clear that if he had himself he would not have hesitated long between that and home rule. But he was a practical politician as well as a statesman—an opportunist in the better sense of the term. It is not probable that he felt any regret at yielding to the dictates of Parnell. He believed that the time had come when he would have a fighting chance to settle the vexatious Irish question.

Challenged Public Sentiment.

But no one was better acquainted with the prejudices of the English people than he. He took great risks and he knew it. His courage was sublime. No British statesman ever lived who would have the temerity to challenge public sentiment as he did, and what is the result. He has forced his policy upon his timid associates, has actually driven out old prejudices and created a new sentiment among the masses of his countrymen, and returns to office prepared to fulfill his promises to his once ridiculed Irish allies. Such an example of personal power has never before been witnessed under a free government. It is nothing less than marvelous.

The personal traits and peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone are familiar to the American public. Every one has heard of his tree felling, of his methodical habits, of his long walks and prodigious capacity for labor. Every one has heard of his wonderful memory, of his remarkable readiness and astuteness in debate, and that he is the greatest orator of his day in England, with the possible exception of John Bright. His fame as a religious controversialist is world wide, as is also his reputation as a classical scholar and a writer on classical subjects and the number of his contributions to periodical magazines is astonishing when the extent of his work in other fields is considered.

His Place in History.

But it is as a statesman and politician that he will take a permanent place in history. He himself said in a recent conversation with W. T. Stead with reference to the apparent inconsistencies in his political career: "I was educated to regard liberty as an evil. I have learned to regard it as a good. That is a formula which sufficiently explains all the changes of my political convictions." And so it does. Oxford was a stronghold of toryism; its traditions were on the side of religious bigotry and the divine right of kings. A larger experience of the world and a profounder knowledge of man than the university afforded drove Mr. Gladstone from the ranks of a party from which he could have obtained the highest honors, out into the road that has conducted him to radicalism.

He is unquestionably the greatest Englishman of his time, and there are not a few able men who think that, taken all in all, he is the greatest statesman that England has ever produced. "He represents," says Mr. Stead, "the element of the ideal in our political strife. He is the statesman of aspiration and enthusiasm; he is the man of faith, the leader of the forlorn hope, the heaven-sent champion of the desolate and the oppressed." The same writer speaks of the intensity of his religious convictions and the influence it has exerted on the English masses, and declares: "The main warp and woof of his life's work has been simply, honestly sincere."

RAILROAD YARNS.

The fastest time in which a train has been known to travel a mile is forty-nine seconds and a fraction.

A bridge at Bradford, Pa., 2,000 feet long and 801 feet above the stream it crosses is said to be the highest bridge in Pennsylvania.

Express trains in Russia rarely travel faster than 22 miles an hour. These are very slow expresses, indeed; yet a railway guard avers that the fastest trains are always the safest.

Statistics recently compiled show that about 1,200 miles of new railroad were built in this country during the first six months of this year.

According to a published guide to the railroads of the United States, there are, or lately were, seventeen different gauges in the country, varying from two feet to five feet seven inches in width.

One Definition.

Mrs. Jason—Jehiel, what is an agnostic?

Mr. Jason—Wy, its a feller that don't believe in neither doctors nor preachers as long as he is in good health.—Indianapolis Journal.

It Might Be So.

She—And how did you feel toward him when he married the girl you were engaged to?

He—I felt as the man did toward his substitute who was killed in the war!—Life.

The Only Difficulty.

Women could whistle as well as men if they only had time to stop talking.—Milwaukee Journal.

BRITISH BUSINESS.

A General Depression in the Manufacturing Industries — Public Meetings to Ask the Government for Aid.

New York Press:—The cable brings information that the condition of manufacturing industries in Lancashire, England, is so prostrate that it is proposed to hold public meetings in the towns and cities and adopt memorials to the government asking for steps to be taken that will promote a revival of activity, and help to provide a living for the multitudes threatened with the loss of employment or already out of employment.

We are told that manufacturing in that densely populated region has ceased to be profitable, and that the spinners who are running are running at a loss. However sincere our sympathy for the people of England in the wretchedness and privation attendant upon British free trade, the lesson to be derived from their situation is too plain to be evaded, and too clear to be misunderstood.

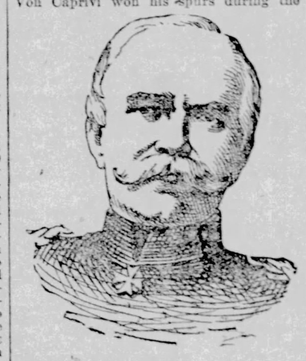
Here in the United States, under protection, labor finds remunerative employment, the average of comfort is higher than ever before in this or any other country, and while there are acrimonious disputes on the subject of wages, the lowest rate of wages in any industry is far higher than the highest in Great Britain.

In England it is a bitter struggle for existence. In the United States the only struggle is for the improvement or readjustment of conditions already prosperous.

GEN. VON CAPRIVI.

Bismarck's Successor as Chancellor of the German Empire.

General Von Caprivi, the present Chancellor of Germany, will probably retire from his high position within the next few weeks. This is due altogether to the difference of opinion existing between the emperor and the chancellor on what is known as "The Bismarck Crisis." Von Caprivi has been urging a prosecution of "the Iron Chancellor" for his recent anti-government utterances and Emperor William has refused to take steps in that direction. Von Caprivi won his spurs during the



VON CAPRIVI.

Franco-Prussian war and after the death of Emperors William and Frederick, had much to do with the reorganization of the army on its present massive footing. He succeeded Bismarck as chancellor of the empire about three years ago. Von Caprivi recently resigned from the Prussian ministry owing to a difference of opinion on educational legislation. In appearance he greatly resembles Bismarck, although fully seven or eight years his junior.

JOHN MORLEY,

Chief Secretary for Ireland in Gladstone's Cabinet.

John Morley, the new chief secretary for Ireland in the Gladstone cabinet, achieved fame in the literary field long before his entrance into politics. He was born at Blackburn, Lancashire, England, in 1838. In 1859 he graduated from the University of Oxford, and for some years after was the editor of the Literary Gazette, later known as The Parthenon. In 1867 he became editor of the Fortnightly Review, and

JOHN MORLEY.

in 1880 assumed charge of the Pall Mall Gazette. This he gave up to devote more time to politics, and he became a potent factor in the Liberal ranks. In 1886 he was made chief secretary for Ireland, and resigned when the Salisbury ministry came into power. He is the author of a considerable number of books, among which are "Edmund Burke," "Voltaire," "Diderot and the Encyclopaedists." He also wrote the lives of John Cobden and John Bright.

A Big Eagle.

An immense bald eagle, properly stuffed and spread, will be suspended over the main stairway of the Dolgware building at the Chicago show. The bird was shot not long since about two miles from the eastern terminus of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal.

SAVE MONEY

$100 Top Buggy, $55.00
$125 Top Phaeton, $73.50
$75 Spring Wagon, $43.00
$50 Road Wagon, $29.00
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"NASBY IN EXILE."

D R Locke

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE!

The older subscribers of THE BLADE will remember that, a few years ago, Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby") made a tour of Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the paper. This series was afterwards re-written, and published as a subscription book of the highest class, entitled "NASBY IN EXILE." It was a large octavo of over 600 pages, printed on a superior quality of book paper, and with several hundred illustrations. These were drawn and engraved expressly for the volume, and alone cost nearly $2,000. They were done by the best artists, the intention being to make a first-class book. Thousands of copies were sold by subscription at $3.50 per copy.

At the present time, "Nasby in Exile" is entirely out of print; but the plates are owned by the Toledo BLADE Co., and there has been such a demand for the past year or two for the book that we have concluded to publish an edition of 5,000 copies, using, however, a lighter quality of paper to decrease the cost of postage; and the book will be bound in flexible cloth covers, in the same style as was bound "Dr. Carlin's Recipes" a year ago, with which our readers are familiar. The book will be printed from the same plates and with the same illustrations as the original edition—except that we omit five short chapters, referring to the political situation in Ireland. That situation has entirely changed since the book was written, and the statements of these chapters are of no value as matters stand at present. This omission makes the book better than it would otherwise be; for the other chapters are as true to-day as they were when they were written.

We propose to send these 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile" to the first 5,000 people who send us $1 each for a yearly subscription to the Weekly BLADE, under the terms and conditions given below. The book can only be obtained on these conditions.

For all practical purposes, every copy of this edition of "Nasby in Exile" will be fully equal to a copy of the first edition, formerly sold for $3.50—as it contains exactly the same illustrations, the same revailing matter except that referring to Irish politics, and exactly the same as originally published.

To give an idea of what the book is, we give the table of contents and list of illustrations, all of which are in the volume as now being printed:

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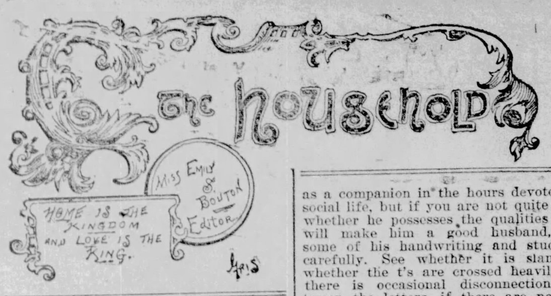
Lake Thun and Beyond—Interlaken—Wood Carving—Lucerne and the Rigi—Up the Rigi—A Mountain Railway—The Rigi Kulm—Tell's Chapel.
Zurich and Strasburg—Beer and Music—The Cathedral—The Wonderful Clock.
Baden-Baden—A Few Legends—Up the Mountain—To Old Cologne.
Heidelberg—The Great Cask—The Students.
Mannheim—Down the Rhine—Tibbitts Treating—Frankfort—On the Main—Red Tape—Jew's Street—Lovely Gardens.
Down the Rhine—Bingen—Mouse Tower—Tibbitts's Romance.
Cologne—The Cathedral—Eleven Thousand Virgins—Home.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Departure—"Shuffle Board"—The Betting Young Man from Chicago—"Dear, Sea-sickness is Only a Feminine Weakness"—Tibbitts Gets Some Good Advice—A Letter—Every Sin I Had Committed Came Before Me—Off for London—Public Buildings, London—The Indian Policy—The Emotion Produced by Tibbitts' Speech—A London Cab—"And is the Thom Shanghai?"—A Sol. Carpenter and the Race Leaving for the Derby—By the Roadside—Sights and Scenes—The Fortune Teller—The Betting Ring—"Done is the Swindling Scoundrel."
Egyptian Room, British Museum—A Bold Briton Trying Some Mummy Cake—A Londoner Who Is Proud of His Country—A Lonely Woman—The Poor Man is Sick—"That Nigger Is Mine"—St. Thomas Hospital—Interior of a Variety Hall—The Magic Pyramid—A Man Who Would Not Be Photographed—Madame Tussaud—Wax Figures of Americans—"Digging Corpses is all Wrong"—Improved Process of Burke and Hare—Life Whither—The London Lawyer—Behind the Scenes—Inside a Paris Omnibus—Soldiers—Parisian Bread Carriers.
Queer Sights in Paris—The Rue St. Martin—A Queer Lot to Feed—Interior of Morel, Monsieur—Paris Underground—Interior of the Paris Bourse—The Arc de Carrousel—How Long Does It Endure—The Arc de Carrousel—How Long Was It Building—The Arc de Carrousel—The Statue of the Genius of the Sun—The Wax—The Mother of the Gamin in the Sun and Yellow Leaf—The Aged Stump Gatherer—A Talk with a Gamin.
Parisian Life at Night—A Mabille Dw



HOME TALKS.

ONE WAY TO KNOW ONESELF.

Study Graphology to Help You Along in Life—Amusing, True or Not—Some of the Signs Explained.

Know thyself!

This is a pretty hard matter, generally speaking, although it is one of the commands of the Bible and of all moral teachers. I do not imagine that it is intended for us to spend our whole time in studying our good and bad tendencies, but that we should carefully observe how we bend our lives in the wrong way through faults, inherited or cultivated, of character. It means that we should look to the motives that prompt us to action, and even to the course of thought that leads us to desire to do what is not right though the impulse may not be carried out. Today our teaching is that the sin lies in the motive, and that the thought of illdoing goes forth with a potency that has just as much force as the action itself, in that it swells the tide of evil thought that is circling in great waves around the earth. Thoughts are real things. That is, they are the same as what we used to believe, impalpable somethings that had no power over others unless materialized into action.

To go back to this idea of knowing one's self. We have been shown various ways for obtaining this self-knowledge, but one of them which has interested me lately is graphology. This is the art of reading character through handwriting, and we are told that we can find out just as much of ourselves, our habits of thought, our individual characteristics through a study of our own handwriting, as we can can that of others. It is a science that is worth much to those who study it carefully, so say the authors of the little book which I have recently been reading with curiosity and pleasure. The work is written by two persons whose initials only are given, and published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, under the title of "Graphology."

They claim that handwriting is made by eyes, that the one who is familiar with "graphology" may tell at once what is foreign and what is home-born. A people who are indolent, impressionable and gentle will have soft and graceful curves which rarely become angles; such will be that of the Italians and French. On the contrary, the English handwriting is all angles, and shows the positive, practical character of the people which is so pronounced as always to attract the attention of one observant of these things. That the brain governs this race and not the heart, is evident, and the same is true of the German.

Of course there are variations in handwriting, as there are variations in character. No two individuals are precisely alike. No two think alike or will act precisely the same under like circumstances. All these things are marked in the handwriting and the signs are modified accordingly.

The authors claim that the study of this science will not only help one to know one's self, but also to become better acquainted with our friends. It will aid in the training of children; is a safeguard in business matters; and finally, a great assistance in law courts. "A man is accused of base wickedness; if his handwriting shows brutality, dishonesty, vile passions and a lack of all good impulse, would it not be safe to conclude the verdict of "guilty" a just one if decided upon by the jury? On the other hand, if his writing indicated a life of purity, self abnegation, uprightness and virtue, would it not be fair to weigh their evidence once again for fear of the possible, and in the end remediless mistake.

I was much attracted with this book, and with the ideas so clearly set forth. Here, thought I, if this be true, is a chance to find out whether persons with whom I have much to do, are really the sincere, honest people I have thought them to be. And what a bonanza of interest there is in taking letters of people and subjecting them to the test of this science, discovering whether they are to be trusted in the future or not. And yet what a shock it would be to analyze the letters of some one loved in the past, there to find that the signs gave a lie to the words which conveyed such a pleasant message to the heart in the long ago! It seemed, too, almost as if it would be disloyal to subject the outpourings of a friend to this test. No harm could come, however, and no sentiment of friendship be violated by the analysis of business letters, and I concluded that I would confine my studies in this direction to that kind of epistles.

Here are a few of the signs by which we may know ourselves through the words we form when writing rapidly or without thought. Are our letters separated at the base? Do we make long flourishes at the ends of words? Is our margin a broad one, and do we make two or three words fill a line? Then let us look to our habits, for we may be sure, if not spendthrifts, then we are what may at least be called extravagant.

If we get a letter in which the writing abounds in long flourishes with exaggerated strokes above or below the line, with great curves that rise above the level of the rest of the writing, as the author expresses it, "like captive balloons," then we may be sure that we are reading the words of one who has an impetuous and undisciplined nature; one who has a wild imagination that leads him into all sorts of curious and extravagant actions. In other words, that he is a person with a mind decidedly unbalanced. The contrary of this is shown by letters formed clearly and regularly, usually rising to about the same height, and the whole bearing the marks of a habit that is unchangeable. Such writing shows strength and honesty. It indicates self-control and a dignified reserve, the whole making up a character that is to be always trusted.

Receiving a letter from a friend, if you find the writing to slant, you may be sure that she is sensitive and tender-hearted. The nearer vertical the letters stand, the less does "this sensitivity rule." When the letters stand straight you may be pretty sure that tenderness is wanting. The sign of strength of will and resolution is the heavy cross strokes of the letters; if the strokes are light, the will power is weak; and where there is an entire absence of them, as a general thing, there is also an entire lack of will-power. Of course, there are all the intermediate and modified handwritings in which there is a mixture of these signs, but an expert will soon see which predominates.

If you are endeavoring to persuade some one to view a certain line of action as you see it, and you feel it to be important, just look at the hand-writing and see if he makes a backward crossing to his t's; and if he does, make up your mind that you have a hard task before you, for this is a sign of obstinacy, and its extent being shown by the more or less angularity of the return. If the t's are crossed with a downward stroke, then look out; you need not expect ever to change the writer's mind, for he is opinionated to the last degree. If the individual that you desire to influence writes in fine, irregular curves with no angles at the base of the small letters, with very little crossings and an absence of crooks, you will need to use very little persuasion, for the writer has no power of determination, and is full of indecision.

Are you a young lady hesitating whether you shall accept that young man who has offered you his hand and heart? Perhaps he is decidedly pleasant as a companion in the hours devoted to social life, but if you are not quite sure whether he possesses the qualities that will make him a good husband, get some of his handwriting and study it carefully. See whether it is slanting, whether the t's are crossed heavily; if there is occasional disconnection between the letters, if there are no unnecessary dashes, but rather long final strokes—should you find these things, you need not be afraid to accept him if the philosophy of graphology is to be relied upon, for he is a man of tenderness of heart, of a good disposition, a strong will, self-controlled and moderate, generous, but not extravagant.

A person of firmness and courage usually has firm, clear hard strokes in his writing with broad, open capitals. The contrary qualities of fear and constraint are shown by cramped letters and a hesitating movement of the pen on the curves.

These are only a few of the signs, by which one who studies carefully this science of Graphology may learn to know himself and his friends. Whether it will bring comfort with the knowledge is another thing that each one must decide for himself. Yet if we can learn of our own faults in this way, it does not seem to me a bad thing to do. At any rate the study is a most fascinating one. Since reading the little book, of which I spoke in the beginning, and which is very clear and explicit, although only elementary in its treatment of the subject, I have felt strongly moved to pursue the subject further. I do not know why handwriting should not be as good a key to the character as the voice, the step, the movement of the body, the expression of the features, and all the other motions by which we believe we discern the inner life of those around us, and which enables us to judge of the character of the individuals who enter into the world of our daily living.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats.

This is a season of shirt waists and belts, and both articles are made in every conceivable shape and style. Shirting material comes in silk and muslin, batiste and percale. These waists are made with plaits, or plain fronts gathered into a belt, and sometimes a yoke of embroidery is used for very slight figures. The fronts are sometimes made of fine tucks and embroidery. These are very stylish and are worn with silk skirts.

A finish of knife-plaited frills around the collar and wrists and down the front of the waist is very pretty, but "one who knows" says that these frills must not be worn at the wrist unless one has small and shapely hands.

Belts are found in Russia leather and suede kid, curved on either side so as to avoid wrinkling. Russian belts of beaten silver are most lovely, of course, but it requires a long purse to hold sufficient money to pay for them, and equally beautiful substitutes are made of flexible bands of gold or silver ribbon, fastened with a pretty clasp.

If one desires to have her costume in complete accordance, she will have belt, gloves and shoes of the same, or similar leather. "Continuity in costume" is what the ultra-fashionable call this fad.

For young girls from 15 to 18 ribbon, two inches wide, is used for a finish to the bottom of the waist of summer dresses. These are tied in the back, with long ends reaching to the bottom of the dress skirt.

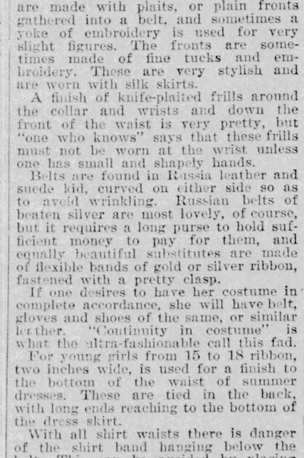
With all shirt waists there is danger of the shirt band hanging below the belt. This can be avoided by placing buttons on the waist, and making corresponding button holes in the skirt band, and wearing the belt over them, or the skirt can be kept in place by the use of safety pins, though there is more danger of their becoming unfastened.

For fall wear, a short jacket of the material of the skirt can be worn with these waists.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Sofa Pillows.—It is now much the fashion to pile cushions of all sizes and shapes upon sofas and lounges. They are large or small, oblong or square, and made of all sorts of materials. Silkoline is very popular and not being very expensive can be changed when the beauty is gone. The patterns are very much like those of India silk and are in soft, pretty colors. Indeed they can hardly be told from the more expensive material. Any one who has little time to do embroidery will find this material will take the place and brighten up the lounge quite as effectively. Many of the cushions are finished with a ruffle of the same material, or you can have a lining of the plain silkoline and the ruffle like the lining. Another finish for the edge is a pretty lace, one of the heavy patterns that come for such purposes and that will bear any amount of washing. The lace, unless of the lighter quality, should not be gathered, but be sewed in plainly across the corners, where of course it must be fulled Cushions are also used for seats, three or four being thrown around the floor in any convenient place, making a very comfortable seat. Where used for this a stronger material is desirable. Where something inexpensive is desired, cretonne is pretty, or again denim comes into place.

Bolm Pillow.—Fill a small pillow with balsam of fir. For the outside covering get pale green silk and upon it embroider in a darker shade fern leaves all over it. The fern leaves may be put on the silk by spatter work if any one can do it nicely. Finish the edge with cord. This cushion will perfume the air of a room that is warm in a most delightful manner. Lay it upon a table or, if it is made larger, upon the floor.



Scrap Basket.—A very pretty one that is different from the ordinary willow one is square and has the sides covered with India silk put on full and fastened to the top and bottom of the basket, leaving a frill above and below. A large bow of ribbon is tied at one corner.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; t s t, tassel treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Hairpin Crocheted Edge.—Mrs. L., the following answers your question:

Take a fine crochet hook, a common hairpin and cotton No. S. Make 1 chain-stitch, then holding the pin perpendicularly with the bent end uppermost, insert the left leg into the chain-stitch, and keep the needle and cotton in front. Now pass the cotton around the right leg of the pin from front to rear and hold it in the left hand as usual. Pass the hook between the two legs of the pin, catch the cotton at the back, and pull it through the stitch already on the hook Next insert the hook in the loop around the left leg, passing it under the near thread of the loop, and, of course, over the outer one. Catch the cotton and draw it through. There are now two loops on the hook. Catch the cotton again and pull through both. Briefly, this has made a chain stitch around the right leg, and a d c through the loop on the left leg.

Now take the hook out of the loop upon it, and turn the hairpin half round the left leg of the pin passing on the outside of the turn. Put the hook back again into the loop, catch the cotton, which by the turning has now been passed around the right leg, and make a chain stitch as before. Insert into loop on left leg and make a d c as before. Take out the hook, turn the pin and repeat these two stitches till your work is long enough, when finish off with a chain-stitch. As the edging advances it can be slipped off the pin.

This is the simplest method of making this edging. Where it is desirous to avoid the trouble of taking out the hook so often, the worker may proceed thus: After making the first chain-stitch and first d c, hold the crochet-hook upright between the prongs, with the point downward, and turn the pin from right to left, so that the left prong will now be on the right side. The cotton should be at the front and the needle at the back. Pass the cotton round the right leg to the back, work a chain-stitch, and still keeping the hook at the back, work a d c in the loop on the left prong; then hold the hook upright and reverse the pin, thus keeping the hook altrnately at the front and back of the pin.

A DREAMER'S FABLE.

BY "OLD OTOE INDIAN."

Soul-hungry and wretched, alone, I stood
And dumbly, skyward gazed, for one great good
My ardent soul so long had sought—in vain—
At home—abroad—o'er valley, hill and plain.
And what? You'll smile—for never did I know!
I only knew that, honored, high or low,
In desert drear, or garden rich and sweet,
For me all things were somehow ingomplete!

But while this day I searched the empty air
(Unwilling still to yield unto despair),
A tiny, dim white cloud appeared on high,
And seemed descending quickly from the sky.
Alas! it is a miracle I see!
This cloud, now flashing, cometh straight to me!
Then while the wondrous visitant I scan,
Transformed it stands, a grand, majestic man!
Some burden precious, wrapped in heavenly cloth
Of hue unknown on earth, that no name doth
Describe, he gave to me, and disappeared.
Amazed, awhile I stayed, and hoped and feared.
Then fondly looked down on my thrilling arm,
While deepest joy succeeded grave alarm,
I rev'rently unwound the fabric fair,
And found—a perfect woman smiling there!

O, friends! don't think this signifies that earth
Affords no being of sufficient worth—
But I'll receive my mate-that-is-to-be,
A holy gift direct from heav'n to me!

CORRESPONDENCE.

How to Get to the World's Fair.—"Where there's a will there's a way," so says the old proverb.

No doubt a very large proportion of people who contemplate visiting the World's Fair will find it possible to do so only by practicing the economies of every-day living during the coming year; while many will fail to attend through the neglect of saving up the dollars and cents as time passes.

Let each family whose pocket-book is not overflush determine that they will not spend a penny on anything that they can possibly do without. Last year's dresses may be made over, the millinery bill may be reduced to a trifle, the grocery bill may be diminished by attention to dishes that cost little and are as palatable as the more expensive luxuries. All that is saved by these economies should be laid aside as the World's Fair fund. Each will feel doubly repaid for these small sacrifices by the pleasure of anticipation.

Now is the seed-time, next year the harvest.

In another article I will give the actual expenses of attending the fair.

I would suggest that the members of the Household adopt some flower as a badge during the exposition; the pansy, or any chosen flower. How would that suit Ella K.?—C. C.

Jean Hunt Again Makes Some Useful Suggestions.—Indiana Enquirer:—You did not state in what way your basque was ruined. If?the fronts are spoiled a vest could be put in. If it is discolored under the arms, jacket fronts could be made from the front of the jetted cape, and if the back is pulled, it could have a V shaped piece of the cape put in. Please be very explicit, or I cannot help you. A dress form is almost indispensable where one makes dresses. One can learn how to cut dresses by a chart at home, if they are anyways bright, as the directions are very plain.

The lady who had the plain empress cloth dress, can easily make a nice suit. If the gored skirt hangs well let it alone. Get some sort of cloth to go with it, and fix it as follows: Put a gathered ruffle on the bottom of the skirt, six or eight inches deep. Put puffs on the sleeves from the elbows up, and let the plain sleeves do for a cuff. Cut entire new sleeve linings, and then the old sleeves will give plenty of material for cuffs, and for a new collar if desired. A vest of the new material could be added. A girdle of the new material finishes the waist. Or the waist can be cut low front and back, and the old sleeves made into short puffed ones, and a guimpe or yoke and sleeves made of new material. You may have to rip up the skirt and cut it over, if it does not set well.

Nellie G.—Your cream silk parasol cover can be dyed a lovely shade of pink or blue with very weak diamond dyes. Rip it off carefully and wash all spots, or they will show after it is dyed. Before it is quite dry, press it carefully into shape. It will be very pretty if a lace ruffle is sewed around the edge and a large bow placed near the top. Another bow and ends is tied to the handle. The blue parasol cover could easily be dyed a seal brown or black. If black is used, be sure to use the dye made especially for silk.—Jean Hunt.

Correspondence Clippings.

The talks through the correspondence columns of the Household department are very instructive and pleasing. I have been guilty of smiling in pleasure and frowning in disgust at those who air their matrimonial grievances through the columns of a newspaper, which is read by over one hundred thousand readers weekly. Bah! what could any young lady think of a man who would ask the advice of one hundred thousand people in regard to marrying her. Suppose her eyes had met the inquiry? "Jean H.," what an angel you must be, all patience and generosity.

You ask what constitutes a manly man. I will give you my "version of him." When a man doesn't growl when a button is missing from his belongings, but does it himself; when the coffee is not exactly to his taste, when he doesn't growl if you ask him to take the baby while you finish a meal (after you have carried it around half the day), when he doesn't growl if the cooking is not like "mother's," nor draw his brow into something like a cocked hat, and look like a thunder cloud if his wife asks for a little money, and say, "What in the world did you do with that half-dollar I gave you last summer?" I say when he is not guilty of any of these things, I can "dub" him a "manly man." If he can smilingly or even patiently come through this he is good enough for anybody. I think you can safely say, "Weighed in the balance and found not wanting."—Marguerite Ray.

To those sisters who are troubled with bedbugs, I can not refrain from giving the benefit of my experience. First, my grandmother used to say "keep your beds so clean there can't be any bugs." Nothing can take the place of constant vigilance, for they spread like magic if one is left undisturbed. But much help can be found by simply filling all cracks and holes with putty or even soap soaked so it will be soft, and afterward painting or varnishing the entire bedstead. Light colored paint for the inside, slats and back of headboard will enable you to tell at a glance almost if there is anything on it, and they will positively not nest on a painted or varnished surface. All wood on springs should be treated the same way. Then you have only to watch the bedding and walls. No holes or cracks must be left, or your labor is vain, and if much infested all corners of ticks should be occasionally wetted with carbolic acid. With this method you avoid using those terrible poisons, corrosive sublimate, etc.—Mrs. M. H.

Inquiries.

Will some one send directions for crocheting a sacque for a child ten months or a year old,omitting as many technical terms as possible, so that it will not require too much brain work to follow the directions.—Margery's Mother.

Will some one give a sure cure for blackheads? I tried the camphor remedy that appeared in the Household, but they seem to increase in number.—Dollie.

I am going to crochet me a border for a skirt. Will make it in the fence-rail style. Will some one tell me what colors of yarn to buy and how to arrange them prettily?—Nellie.

Will some one give a sure cure for drawn cords in the limbs?—D. H.

Will "Navajo Jim" tell us if 30 gr. of arsenic are to be used at each application of the cancer cure, or if that quantity is for the whole mixture. Answer as soon as possible, as I want to try the remedy.—E. A. P.

Will anything remove the odor of fried or boiled onions from a house?—L.

Will some one tell me what would be necessary for an ocean voyage? What kind of a dress, what wraps to wear and to carry, etc., and are passengers allowed to have their baggage in their stateroom? If not, how do they manage to get what they need from their trunks during the voyage? How do you find your places at the table on a boat—does the captain or some one else assign them to the passengers, or does each one sit wherever it is most convenient? and is one expected to give a fee to the table-waiter, steward, etc., as at a hotel?—Inexperienced Traveler.

Answers to Inquiries.

B. L. Stratton: Large packages, when sent by express, should be securely wrapped in heavy brown paper, and tied or sealed. It is impossible to give you the address you desire. Try several publishers, and some one may want your manuscript.—Ed.

G. A. H.: Is there no orphans' home or asylum for such unfortunates as you mention in your city? She would not, probably, be received in any other than the county in which she belongs.—Ed.

Lora Skinner: The Blade has no exchange department.—Ed.

M. A. Wallace: You should have sent your address when you sent the inquiry. We have not kept your former letter, so cannot answer it unless the inquiry is repeated.—Ed.

Ora Arnett: Harper's, Scribner's, the Century and St. Nicholas all are "first-class" magazines, and will doubtless pay for stories that are up to their requirements.—Ed.

J.J. Galusha: Your letter should have been addressed to the advertising department of The Blade.—Ed.

R. G. Smith: I have tried many recipes for exterminating bed bugs, and find the cleanest and most effectual to be a free use of turpentine, rubbed with a cloth on the edges of the mattress and springs. It will destroy the bugs and the eggs, and if a little is poured into the crevices, it will drive every bug within smelling distance out. The odor of the turpentine will soon be gone, but if once the bugs get into a bed, nothing but the strictest vigilance will get them out. The turpentine treatment should be repeated three or four times in close succession.—Farmer's Wife.

Tell "Distressed" that there is another just as easy and just as effective a way to kill plantain as the one given by "Uncle John" in The Blade of Aug. 4, and I think it is a better way, because it can be used at any time during the spring and summer. Here is the way it is done: With a sharp-pointed knife cut through, or just below, the bulbous part of the root, which is situated at the surface of the ground. The same plan will rid lawns or yards of dandelion, thistles or mullein. Bachelor John.

A Sufferer: Cure for in-growing toenails (sure)—Take the balsam that exudes from the white pine fir, or arbor vitæ, soften with lard until it is not sticky, and apply. This also alleviates, if it cures, piles.—A Reader of The Blade.

Troubled Housewife: I have kept house for twenty years, and have always found this to be the best recipe for making bread: Slice and peel 2 qts. of potatoes and cook in plenty of water. While these are cooking, mix in a gallon jar 2 teacupfuls sifted flour, 1 of granulated sugar and 1-2 cupful of salt. When the potatoes are well cooked, pour enough of the water over these ingredients to make a smooth paste. Mash the potatoes very fine and mix well together. Fill the jar two-thirds full of cold water and add two well soaked yeast cakes. Sponge your bread the next morning, taking one cup of the yeast for each loaf of bread, adding as much warm water as will be needed to make the right amount of sponge. When light, mix until the dough is smooth. Let rise and mold again without adding flour. When light, put in tins, putting each loaf in separate tin, if convenient. This yeast will keep four weeks, if put in a cool place. If your family is small, you can make half of the quantity. It also makes good graham bread.—Mrs. L. B.

Recipes.

Lemon Custard.—Beat 5 eggs (reserving the whites of 2) with 1 cupful of sugar; 1 tablespoonful of flour; 1 tablespoonful of butter. Add 3 cupfuls of new milk and the grated rind, and the juice of 1 large lemon. Mix all well and pour into custard cups. Place these in a pan of water in the oven and bake until done. Beat the reserved whites of eggs to a stiff froth, stir in 1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and pile up on top of the baked custards.—Mrs. L.

Shrimp Salad.—Wash the shrimps when taken from the can and dry them in a soft towel. Break them into pieces, pour over them a mayonnaise dressing, mix well; place on lettuce leaves, and serve immediately.—E. G.

Tomato Mayonnaise.—Choose large, smooth tomatoes of a uniform size; cut a slice from the stem end of each, after having carefully peeled it. Take the seeds out carefully, so as not to break the tomatoes, and fill the cavity thus made, with a mixture of finely chopped cucumber, onion and a little water cress or mustard. Put a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing on the top of each one and serve on lettuce leaves—one to each person.—Helen S.

Baked Mackerel.—Wash thoroughly with water to which a little vinegar has been added. Soak over night in clear water. In the morning wipe dry, put in a baking pan, dredge well with flour,place bits of butter over and add 1 cupful of water. Bake in a quick oven from twenty minutes to one-half hour, according to the size of the fish. Serve with dark gravy.

Dark Gravy for Fish.—Rub 1 tablespoonful of flour to a cream with a little cold water; add this with the water in which the fish was cooked, boil 2 minutes, stirring all of the time, then add 1 tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and serve hot.—L. M. H.

Mackerel Sardines.—Butter several crackers and place in the oven till they are heated through. Lay bits of mackerel left over from dinner on these, dust with pepper and sprinkle with lemon juice or vinegar.—H.

Egg Sandwiches.—Mash and rub to a paste the yolks of 8 hard boiled eggs and 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter; add salt and cayenne, mix well and spread on thin slices of bread. Place two slices together, trim off the crusts and cut in pieces about 2 inches wide. Nice for picnics or lunches.

Recipe for Cleaning Plumes, Gloves and Clothing.—1 gal. deodorized benzine; 1-2 oz. chloroform; 1-2 oz. ether; 1 oz. alcohol; 1 oz. oil of cologne.

Remedy for Cholera Infantum.—One four quart pan red raspberry leaves; 1 oz. Turkish rhubarb; 1-2 oz. camomile blows; 1-2 pt. best brandy; 1-2 lb. loaf sugar; 1 teaspoonful cloves; 1 teaspoonful cinnamon; 1-2 teaspoonful soda. Boil the leaves until the strength is extracted; strain and boil the liquid down to 1 pt.; pour boiling water on the rhubarb, cammomile blows, cloves and cinnamon, each respectively; let simmer until strength is extracted; strain through muslin; put all together; add sugar and soda, and when cold add the brandy. Dose from 1-2 to 1 teaspoonful every hour (or oftener if necessary) until discharge shows the color of the medicine, then less frequently. There should be about three pints of the medicine, and if it is rightly prepared there is no danger of giving too much, as there is with most of the remedies for cholera infantum.—A Mother.

HOME FLOWER GARDENS.

Work for August, Preparatory for Window Gardens Later.

This column will be open for inquiries or information from our friends, and any desiring information regarding special flowers or plants are invited to write to us for such information, and all who can answer such inquiries or make useful suggestions will be very welcome. —Ed.

Nothing adds more to the beautifying of our homes in winter than vines, trained around the windows where we keep other plants. They will do more towards decorating that room and window than any one thing that will cost us as little money and time.

It is time now to begin to plan for our windows in winter. The German ivy is one of our swiftest growers. It has dark green leaves of a pleasing color; being smooth they catch but little of the dust of the living room. The aphis will occasionally work on them. We must fumigate to destroy this pest. These can be trained anywhere with ease; taken down, carried from one room to another and tied up in almost any form, as they are not easily broken. The writer had one last winter and when a few months old one of the branches had grown two rods, others from ten feet to one rod. "So you see how it added to the decoration of a small room."

Use rich, porous earth, and before winter is over begin to fertilize with ammonia, using 1 teaspoonful to 2 qts. of water; use this once a week, give plenty of water at all times, but provide good drainage. This vine really does not need full sun. Morning glories make good vines for winter. I saw a winter one advertised but did not try it. Start vines early, so when you first move you flowers in the house there will not be a space of three months that your windows look neglected, and the plants scraggly, as I have seen them so often; try and have beautiful plants through November and December. Get some maderia bulbs and try them, they grow fast. Hoyo is pretty, but a slow grower. Persian vine is handsome. There are many others which I will not attempt to name, but just try some vines.

Geraniums.—Now is the time to get your old geraniums ready for winter. We get more bloom from the old plants than from your young cuttings that you started in the spring and have been nipping back all summer. Common sense will tell us that these will be further advanced for winter bloom than August or fall cuttings. That is your young geraniums. But now for the old ones. Select those that you think or know to be good winter bloomers. Get good soil,mix it with sand to keep it from baking. If it was not for the trouble I have had with worms in the soil I would recommend 1-3 garden loam, 1-3 leaf mold, 1-6 sand, 1-6 well rotted cow manure; this mixture will produce flowers freely. Perhaps we might venture this soil, now since our good paper told us how to kill the worms. In re-potting, don't use very large pots, as they bloom better if a little root bound. Shake all the earth from your plants, except the center soil. Place gravel stones or pieces of broken crockery in the bottom of your jar, sift a little soil over this; hold the plant in the left hand in the pot as you want it to stand; now with the right hand sift the soil around it, stopping every little while to settle the dirt. Fill till within one inch of the top. Wet thoroughly, set in a shady place, sprinkle every day for two weeks, then put them in full sun.—Mollie.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me what to do for my rose bush? It is very full of buds, but only a few of them bloom, the others seemed to be cooked by the sun.—Mrs. L. A. V.

Would like to know how to treat the giant Ferry lily to make it bloom. I have mine in common garden soil; have had it over a year and it has never bloomed. Also when is the best time to trim rose bushes to make a hedge of them.—I. A.

SYMBOLIC RELIGION.

A New Book That Revives Old Teachings.

To those of us who have been interested in the older religions of the world there has been a peculiar interest about the ancient Druids, who were found in the far-away past upon the mountains of what is known as ancient Cumbria. As those versed in the history of races know, the Celtic Britons who settled in England, came from the North, and in their traditions are interwoven many of the spiritual truths that are found in the other ancient faiths.

Recently there has been issued a book which deals with this old religion, that is essentially one of symbolisms. Its author, Mrs. Alice K. Hopkins, herself traces her descent from the ancient Cymri, she being of the ninth generation of her family in this country, and it had its origin in the old Cymri land. In "The Daughter of the Druids," which is the title of her book, she endeavors to bring to a knowledge of the present the ancient philosophy of symbolism, which she believes to contain the highest wisdom that has ever been known to the world. With the story is interwoven the explanation of the hidden meaning of the Zodiac, which modern civilization has utterly failed to unravel. It is only known that it is one of the mystic sciences that were understood by the ancient Chaldeans, and that even by them it was held as a heritage from ages long ago past. Mrs. Hopkins believes that this occult wisdom came from a far distant time when man possessed wonderful knowledge and great intuitional powers, with a spiritual supremacy which was the fruit of a condition of absolute harmony. Gradually men became more and more subservient to the desires of the flesh, and fell from their high condition; but she thinks that this golden era of intuition will again succeed the present one of intellectual materiality.

That the philosophy set forth here will find many believers is not to be expected, nor indeed does the author suppose that it will be so. She claims that her object is only to reach the few who are capable of understanding the mystic wisdom that she has endeavored to make clear. Swedenborg taught much of the same philosophy, which is based upon the law of correspondence and analogy that he traced everywhere.

I will not attempt to follow the story, which is simply a thread upon which the author has tried to string her pearls of wisdom. I am by no means sure but that her book would have performed its mission better had its philosophy been given unencumbered by any attempt at story-making. At any rate, there is enough of the curious and quaint meanings of ancient symbolisms given in its pages to hold the interest of those who care to delve in such matters. To read understandingly the reader must, however, have some knowledge of astronomy and also of the legends and myths of days past. The book is certainly written with an earnest purpose, and can not fail to attract attention. It has already received commendation from critics for its literary merits apart from its teachings. Judgment of these must be left to the individual, but those who have most knowledge will be the last to say that there is nothing to be learned. Of course those who believe only in evolution as taught by modern philosophers, will find nothing of interest in these pages.

I learn that Mrs. Hopkins has been for the last few years teaching these hidden truths here set forth, by lectures to interested classes in Boston. Her book is published in Boston, by the author.

She's Up to Date.

When the summer girl's suspenders break
She's not at a loss what to do;
She knows not the use of the tenpenny nail,
But the spot where the recreant galluses fail
She mends with a hatpin or two.
—New York Herald.

Every Testimonial

In behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly true and will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbor. Have you ever tried this excellent medicine?

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

Contraryland.

Sing hey, sing ho for Contraryland.
Who'll sail on a voyage to Contraryland?
The winds are all steady,
The ship is all ready,
The cargo is filling,
Who's willing, who's willing,
To set sail for Contraryland?

And whom shall you find there?
They are all of a kind there,
That great famous band in the Contraryland,
They all sit in corners, like little Jack Horners,
And wait to be teased into saying they're pleased.
Their mouths all droop down,
Their eyebrows all frown,
They sulk and they pout,
And they whine and they flout.

And they steadily say,
All the day, all the day,
"I won't," and "I can't,"
And "I don't," and "I shan't,"
"It's too high," "It's too low."
"It's too fast," "It's too slow."
For a dweller in Contraryland.

Sing hey, sing ho for Contraryland,
Who'll sail on a voyage to Contraryland?
The winds are all steady,
The ship is all ready,
The cargo is filling,
Who's willing, who's willing,
To set sail for Contraryland?
—Youth's Companion.

For The Blade Young Folks.

"MISS EVELYN'S CIRCLE."

A Story for Girls.

L. A. F.

"And remember, dear girls, that, as your badges are not merely an extra bangle, to adorn your bracelet, or chain in holiday time, but are for an everyday reminder of what you have undertaken, so you are not to wait for any special time, or season to "be about your Father's business,' but are to improve every opportunity for doing little kindnesses at home or abroad, feeling sure that being 'faithful in small things' is the surest preparation for doing greater ones, when you have them to do."

As Miss Evelyn finished speaking, each one of the ten girls, in her newly formed circle of King's Daughters, stepped forward, and received the silver cross from her hands, with a bow and quiet word of thanks.

"THE TEN" ORGANIZING.

They had hardly realized the seriousness of becoming King's Daughters before. Everyone was joining the order, and they had anticipated only the pleasure to be had from their weekly meetings. To be sure they talked vaguely of "doing good," but in what particular direction their good works were to extend, they had not decided. But to have their purpose constantly in mind; to "do good" and "be good" every day and every hour, and always to conduct themselves as became little princesses, that was a different thing.

Miss Evelyn advised them not to take up any particular branch of work, since they seemed quite undecided as to what they could do best.

"For the present," she said, "be content with performing your every-day duties faithfully; never missing a chance to do a kind deed or to speak a pleasant word, and each one will find her work ready to her hand without going forth into the high-ways and by-ways to huntfor it."

The girls were anxious to have her for their leader, ubt she refused, saying: "Elect your officers from among yourselves, and let every one of them feel the responsibilities attached to her office, and determine to fliluli them exactly. The discipline will benefit you, and you will begin to depend upon yourselves alone."

So a treasurer, secretary and treasurer were elected, and the Ten separated, agreeing to meet again in two weeks, when each member was to report the work she had found to do "In His Name" during the fortnight.

"Whenever you give up your own pleasure to gratify someone else, you are acting like a true King's Daughter just as surely as if you were doing greater things," Miss Evelyn told them, so they kept a record of their small self-denials also, during the two weeks following, at the end of which time they came together for their second meeting.

"Reports are in order," said Bessie Burns, their leader, as the Ten gathered in her mother's pleasant sitting-room. "Reports are in order, now who shall begin?"

"Our respected leader," cried half a dozen voices.

"My work and the secretary's come in the same report, so I will let her speak for us both," said Bessie, and Nellie Norton arose and told her story.

"You all know how beautifully Bess —I mean our worthy leader—plays on the violin, and you know, too, that she is our next door neighbor and often comes to our house to practice with me. The evening after we held our last meeting she came in, and as we had company, we did not practice, but played our very best pieces. After a little we were thirsty, and went down to the dining-room for some water, and on the basement stairs we nearly fell over our two girls, two from Mrs. Burns's, and one or two from some other neighbor's, who had been sitting there in the dark, to listen to the music. They were frightened enough at being discovered, and vanished like so many ghosts, but Bess and I thought we had found something to do.

"The next Thursday mamma gave us the use of the back parlor, and we arranged some chairs there for the accommodation of our audience, who were the five girls we fell over on the stairs, and five more whom we had given them leave to invite. Our entertainment began at 8 o'clock precisely, and closed at 9:30.

"The first evening we furnished all the music ourselves, and were desperately tired when it was over; but last Thursday my cousin Edith, was visiting us, and she sang twice and recited a comical poem, and that helped us out amazingly. The girls seemed to enjoy it ever so much, and we intend to keep on, thinking if we can make one evening in each week of their dull, hard-working life a little pleasanter, we shall be doing something to earn the right to wear our badges."

"So you will! What a nice idea!"

"Can we help you?" came from every side, as Nellie sat down.

"Indeed, we shall be very glad if you will help us to make our programmes as varied as possible," she answered. "Now let us hear the third officer's report."

Kate Tyne took the floor at this summons.

"I usually waken about 5 o'clock in the morning, and as we do not have breakfast until 7, I have been in the habit of lying in bed and reading for an hour and a half every morning. The day after the meeting I had just commenced a splendid story, and was growing very much interested in it, when I heard the baby laugh in the next room, and mamma said, 'Oh, baby, dear, why did you waken so early, when I want so badly to sleep a little longer?'

"I went on reading for a minute or two, but I couldn't get a bit of the sense of the story for thinking how tired her voice sounded. I kept hoping the baby would go to sleep again, but he didn't, and finally I reached over to the dresser for my watch, to see if it was time to get up, and saw my little cross!

"I scrambled up then, in a hurry, ran into mamma's room, snatched Joey up before he had time to object, and carried him off to my room, leaving her to take her 'beauty sleep' in peace. I took care of him until breakfast time, and she came down stairs then, looking so much brighter for that little extra nap, that I vowed inwardly that she should have it every day.

"I thought at first that it was a self-denial, for I do love to read; but the baby is so cunning, and I have such a jolly time with him, that I am not at all certain of it now; but this is all I have found to do so far, and I leave it to you to decide if I may call it 'King's work.'"

"Indeed you may!" chorused the girls, understanding perfectly well, how much their third officer had given up, for everyone knew that a book was "meat and drink" to her.

"Now that the officers have spoken, 'the rank and file' can have their say, I suppose," said Tessie Hunter, gaily.

"And I will begin. I nearly disgraced myself the first evening, for when I went home from the meeting, I found the daily paper on the porch, and remembered it was the night for the continued story; so I hustled off my wraps, and sat down to read it. I had hardly commenced it, when grandma came in, and seeing what I was at, insisted on my reading it aloud to her. Poor grandma is rather deaf and there were nearly three columns of the story, and it did seem as if I couldn't shout all that to her. She is so particular, too; if she doesn't understand a word, I have to begin the paragraph again."

"I thought of ever so many excuses to make, but before I had said anything I happened to think of Miss Evelyn's words, 'Never miss a chance of doing a kindness.' I looked at grandma, sitting there knitting away, waiting for me to begin, and—I began.

"What with the original three columns, and the time I had to read different parts of it twice over, I believe that story stretched out over six columns. I did my best to read distinctly, and was hoarse as a crow when I finished, but grandma said: 'I have not been able to hear half you read, Theres

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WHITELAW REID.

At Springfield, Illinois—A Splendid Speech Before the League of Republican Clubs.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 19.—Hon. Whitelaw Reid's reception in this city, yesterday, was very flattering to the vice-Presidential candidate of the Republican party. Mr. Reid made an impression on the Republicans of Illinois, here at the home of the immortal Lincoln, that will not be easily effaced. The convention of Republican clubs was a great success and attended by thousands of people, many of whom were attracted there by a desire to see and hear the man who filled Horace Greeley's shoes for so many years.

WHITELAW REID.

The train reached Springfield shortly after 4 o'clock, but it was 5 when the candidate of the Republican party for the Vice Presidency entered the convention hall, arm in arm with Senator Cullom.

Upon his appearance the delegates jumped into their chairs and cheered for several minutes. After three tremendous cheers were given for Reid, Senator Cullom rapped for order, and introduced Governor Fifer, who, after a neat speech, introduced the Republican candidate for Vice President as "a Republican from his early youth to the present time; one who has been highly honored by his country, and one who, in turn, has shed honor upon it; a gentleman well fitted by education and by his love of free institutions to fill the high office to which the people will elect him in November. I know you feel honored by his presence, and will be delighted to hear him. I therefore take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Reid, who will now address you." After the tremendous burst of applause which greeted him had died away, Mr. Reid spoke as follows:

MR. REID'S SPEECH COMPLETE.

Masterly but Brief Presentation of the Issues.

This great assemblage of young Republicans is most cheering. They who have the young men on their side have taken the bond of fate and have insured the future. The national work, of which this convention is an early expression, is doubly valuable because it is the associated and well-organized effort of young men. It means far more, therefore, than merely a success in one campaign. The adhesion of first voters and the active interest of other young men fix the associations and determine the tendencies of those to whom the near future belongs. And so this inspiring movement carries with it the promise and the potency of many successes, and of long protracted rule.

No patriot can fail to rejoice at your political activity. It is, or it should be, one of the purest and best forms of manly endeavor. Next to the service of God, the service of the people—that is to say, the work of politics—is the highest of human interests and the noblest of human occupations.

Among the surprises which this marvelous country presents to a citizen who has been absent from it for a few years, not the least is this amazing league development. In the interval between one Presidential campaign and another, the land has been covered with a network of 17,000 clubs, with an active membership of nearly 2,000,000 young men. Two million young men! Who can calculate—who can even estimate that force in human affairs? There is the hope of the republic. There is the real defensive army of the country; with its drill and discipline; with its unity of belief, of purpose and of action; with its alert, buoyant, courageous and confident membership.

Its Growth Unparalleled.

Above all, it has its recruiting stations; and it grows at a rate which, even here in the history of such organizations, no parallel. Your league methods are imbued with the true spirit of Republicanism. Its inspiration is love of country, rather than love of party, which, at this time, merely on a family errand; but I thank you for the opportunity to witness the fine young enthusiasm of this Republican revival in the state which led the nation to its first Republican victory, and within the radiance of the tomb which glorifies this city, and is a shrine, like Mount Vernon, for all Americans and for the lovers of liberty throughout the world.

Neither am I here to utter one word against the gentleman whom the opposing party presents for the popular suffrage. I come from the state of one of them, and am, at this moment, a guest in the state of the other. It gives pleasure to know that both of them are tried, able and sincere men, too sincere and too honorable to take a nomination without incurring its full party obligations, or to stand on a platform without accepting and maintaining its doctrine.

Must Stand on That Doctrine.

To that doctrine, gentlemen, it will be your privilege and your opportunity to hold them—on that doctrine your campaign will be fought and won. We do not need to turn our faces, even in reminiscence to the past. We may leave out of the discussion the whole history of the Republican party—which is through 30 years the history of the most glorious and the most prosperous period of the republic. We may even overlook the record of the Democratic party for the same time—a record which they are apt to consider it unkind and unfriendly to mention. We need only fix attention upon the policy of the future they have at last openly and manfully avowed, to insure their renewed defeat.

We may well thank them for the clearness and candor with which they have for once stated their position on the tariff. They are opposed to the McKinley bill, and demand its unconditional and immediate repeal. Ask the business world, which has adjusted itself to the McKinley bill, and is flourishing on admirably under it, whether it wants that. They are opposed to any protective tariff. Ask the country, which has seen its greatest prosperity under protective tariffs, whether it wants such an absolute reversal of the national policy as that. They demand a tariff for revenue only, declare any other unconstitutional, and proclaim this "the fundamental principle of the Democratic party." We are bound to take them at their word. But how that party has changed. They cite what they call the "long and illustrious line of Democratic leaders, from Madison to Cleveland."

Madison a Protectionist.

Well, Madison reported and George Washington signed the first protective tariff bill in our history, and it stated specifically in its title that it was "for the encouragement and protection of manufactures." But then the Democratic party of to-day knows that Washington and Madison did not understand the constitution that they had just made. Andrew Jackson elaborately argued the constitutional right and decided to make a protective tariff, and cited his predecessors, Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, as his authorities. But the Democratic party of to-day knows that Andrew Jackson did not understand the constitution.

Down to this day, indeed, there has been but one great representative body which did understand the constitution, and in the long line of leaders the Democratic platform proudly refers to, "from Madison to Cleveland," there has hitherto been but one statesman vested with the power to enforce the present Democratic interpretation of it. That representative body was the constitutional convention of the Confederate states, and the authorized statesman was the Confederate president, Jefferson Davis.

They embodied in their constitution and enforced in their practice the doctrine that no tariff should be levied, save for revenue only. To-day the Democratic party, to use the current political slang, "turns down" Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and all the old leaders, repudiates alike their constitutional interpretation, their political belief and their acts, announces instead identically the same doctrine with Jefferson Davis and the Confederate states, and proposes that Grover Cleveland in your name shall execute it. Ask the people if they want that.

The Democratic Party Desired It.

There is no conceivable doubt that the Democratic party, in national convention assembled, did want it. Their committee reported something else—a mild suggestion that at least the tariff might do a little something to maintain American wages. But the convention promptly threw that aside, took the matter into its own hands, and framed the declaration as you find it now in their platform—a tariff for revenue only, and any other unconstitutional. Ask the workingmen to contrast European with American wages, and then tell you what they think of that. The Democrats declare the McKinley bill not only unconstitutional, but "the culminating atrocity of class legislation."

Well, you have seen how it works. In the establishment of new industries, in the new attraction for foreign capital, in the better demand for your products, and even in the prices that you have to pay, you can measure the height and depth and breadth of its atrocity. But let me give you a few unpublished statements from an official source in a field I have lately left.

An Analysis Written.

Mr. Oscar F. Williams, United States consul at Havre, has just written an analysis of the trade from France to the United States passing through that port, which, as you know, is the chief port for general French exportations to the United States. Over 65 per cent, he says, of all merchandise exported from Havre to United States ports entered free of duty. The values of exports on which the duty has been reduced by the McKinley tariff were over half the total values exported, and nearly five-sixths of this competition was on articles not produced in the United States, and therefore not in competition with American labor or American manufactures.

But these wicked McKinley duties were mostly so levied as to discriminate against our rivals in certain other articles, so as to protect our own producers. Accordingly the Democratic platform denounces the McKinley tariff as "the culminating atrocity of class legislation," since it legislates for the producers at home instead of the producers abroad. Ask the people what they think about that.

We have to thank the Democratic convention for equal candor on another important matter. They denounce the sham reciprocity which our state department has been busy introducing. Now, this sham reciprocity consists in allowing the foreign producers of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea and hides to send us those products free of duty, provided they admit a fairly equivalent quantity of our products to their ports, either free or at specified reductions in duties. As the Democrats consider it a fraud, of course they will, if in power, abolish it. What then?

Will they simply throw away the advantages gained by this administration for the enormous increase of our products to foreign markets, and yet continue to let the foreigner send in their products free? Or, if ashamed of a folly like that, will they dare to put back the old duties on sugar, tea, coffee, and the rest, and so put up the price again to the whole body of our population? Ask the people if they want either the one or the other horn of that beautiful dilemma.

Our "Sham Reciprocity."

Our sham reciprocity has been in effect but a short time, with some of the more important countries only four months or less down to the end of the fiscal year on June 30, with most of them less than a year. But the increase in our exports to those countries in the articles affected by our agreements down to June 30, was over $10,115,000. In some of the countries the increase was over 500 per cent., and the articles affected were largely agricultural—corn, wheat, flour, pork, butter, etc.

In other countries the increase extended also to our cotton, iron and wooden manufactures. Ask the people if they want to throw away a policy that in the first few months brings such results, because the Democratic convention chooses to call it a sham. The Democratic platform declares that it is the only party that has given the country a vigorous foreign policy. Well, its vigorous foreign policy did not remove the invidious and unfriendly discrimination against us by a large number of European countries, which positively prohibited the importation of our pork on the untruthful pretext that it was dangerous to health. The foreign policy of the present Republican administration did so, and in spite of foreign duties all the difficulties attending the sudden revival of a long prohibited trade, officially slandered, in an article which the people were taught to believe dangerous, in the few months which have elapsed, this new market for Western farmers has amounted to over two millions of dollars up to June 30, last.

Perhaps that is why the Democratic convention amiably remarked in its platform that Republican policy—that policy under which the country has grown steadily greater and more prosperous for thirty years—fosters no industry so much as that of the sheriff.

National Banking System.

Next to Washington's "unconstitutional" tariff, and this administration's "sham reciprocity," comes Salmon P. Chase's national banking system. That, too, must be abolished, and so the Democratic platform declares for the renewal of the wildcat banking, by the abolition of the long and wisely maintained tax on state bank issues. Such a proposal calls for the return of the good old times when every farmer had to consult a "Thompson's Bank-note Reporter" before he dared take a one-dollar bill for more than fifty cents; when a Springfield bill would pass only at a discount in Chicago, and a Chicago bill only at a discount in Springfield; when the country was flooded with irredeemable shinplasters; when every transaction represented a loss on the money you got or on the money you paid out, and the trade of the money-shaver was the best one going. Does not such a currency, which often could not circulate at par a hundred feet from its place of issue, belong to a semi-barbarous period? Why should people who have such semi-barbarians propose to return to it? Ask the voters what they think about that.

The Issues Made.

But I forbear. One might pursue such themes till he drifted into a campaign speech—and I have told you I proposed to make no campaign speeches this year. Besides, I should be a most imprudent candidate if I kept on talking when you are waiting to hear Burrows and Dolliver. Our enemies have made our campaign for us. Hold them to their own deliberately avowed principles. We go to the people claiming that the Republicans have given the country a clean, honorable, business-like and highly successful administration, that a change without cause is a business injury to every citizen, and that there is no occasion for a change. The Democrats want this country to have an immediate and absolute change. They want to repeal the McKinley tariff at once.

They denounce a protective tariff of any sort or description, refuse to let tariff legislation have the slightest reference to the defense of American workingmen's wages, declare that Washington and Madison and even Andrew Jackson did not understand the constitution, and that nobody but themselves and Jefferson Davis ever did; denounce anything but a pure tariff for revenue only as unconstitutional, want to get rid of our reciprocity, and demand a return to wildcat banking.

Rushing to Their Fate.

Hold them to their doctrine. Never have they rushed so plainly and palpably upon their fate since the memorable week in 1864, when their taunt in Chicago that the war for the Union was a failure, was instantly answered by the victorious thunders of Sherman's guns from Atlanta, and the triumphant cheers of Sheridan's troopers in the valley. Let us rise up and go forward. They have been blinded again to their own destruction, and are delivered into our hands.

THE BUFFALO STRIKE.

The Switchmen's Union Goes Out The Troops Called to Preserve Order—The Strike will Fail.

Buffalo, Aug. 17.—The switchmen of the New York Central railroad struck work and quit their posts of duty in the Buffalo yards before 1 o'clock this morning. The strike was ordered by the switchmen's union, and is a result of the trouble on the Erie and Lehigh roads.

The switchmen in the Central yards, in the vicinity of Williams street, quit work shortly after midnight but did not hurry about going home. The Central's yards are of a vast extent and in three different sections of the city. The six switch tenders employed in the New York Central depot on Exchange street, quit their posts soon after 12 o'clock.

The Lake Shore Men Struck.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 18.—1:50 a. m.—The Lake Shore switchmen have just quit work. A gang of them was seen, and said they had been ordered out, and that the Lackawanna switchmen will follow them in less than half an hour.

3 a. m.—Word has just reached here that Governor Flower has signed the order calling out the entire national guard. Two thousand five hundred men are to arrive this morning. This was communicated by Gen. Greenland to Vice President Webb.

Thursday's Report.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 17.—The situation here this morning in the great railroad strike is not encouraging. The Central switchmen having joined the strike, makes it much more formidable, and the Central yards this morning were under picket guard. It is feared the strike will now spread to the other Vanderbilt lines—the West Shore and Lake Shore roads.

Demand of the Strikers.

Before going down into the yards this morning Gen. Supt. Voorhees, of the Central, in a talk with an Associated Press correspondent, was asked how many of the Central men were out.

"There are about 150 men in all."

"What do the strikers demand—fewer hours or increased wages?"

"That's just what I'd like you to make clear to the public through the press. It is purely a strike for increased pay. The pretension of the men that they want fewer hours is all humbug. They have worked in the past eleven hours a day actual work and they expect to continue to work that way, but they want their hourly compensation increased by an amount which is practically 10 per cent. It is, as I said before, a strike for increased pay. The men have never before made the slightest objection to the number of hours they work."

CAMP AMONG THE CAR WHEELS

The New York National Guard Has no Picnic at Camp.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Unless absence from home be excepted, there are no elements of a summer vacation in the work of the militia about the strike district at East Buffalo. Yesterday there were hardships seldom experienced by troops in open war. The meals were wide apart, and as the ambulance record proves, the weather trials prostrated some. Some had contracted colds sleeping without shelter upon the rocks in the remote lower yards where poor Elsner was shot through accident yesterday. The ruggedness of the location and surroundings of military headquarters at William station is trying in the extreme.

Let us see if readers at a distance may see the picture: Imagine a mammoth Y with the opening of its forks looking up toward the city, five miles away, and with its stem trailing off to eastward. The right hand fork is the main line tracks of the Erie, over which all passenger trains of the Erie and Lehigh Valley roads leave and enter the city. The left hand fork is the Lehigh Valley and Erie entrance to the fast freight yards where part of the trouble is.

The stem of the Y is the Erie main line eastward. Over this figure at the junction of the stem and the two forks is a high trestle bridge of iron, said to have cost $100,000, and belonging to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, which conceded the demands of its switchmen. Upon this high trestle the strikers have roosted by day and watched the yards and hooted the troops, and at night, in the darkness of such an elevation, they have used the trestle as a vantage spot for more earnest attention than goes with jeers and hootings. A mile away on the right, are the New York Central tracks. Straight out of the city, and along the outer edge of the right fork of the Y, William street leads down and crosses the Erie and Lehigh tracks at the junction of the forks and the stem. William street is spanned too, at that point by the iron trestle of the Lackawanna railroad.

Gen. Doyle's Headquarters.

Close down the acute angle of the figure is the William street station of the Erie road, and this little lead-colored hut of one-story has been possessed by Gen. Peter C. Doyle, commanding the troops, as his headquarters. The station building rambles rearward enough to give the general a room which he calls his office, where he sits at a square table and receives reports and issues orders, and as he stands or sits the visitors see in Gen. Doyle a very tall, soldierly-appearing man with brown eyes, firm, bronzed features and iron gray hair that is brushed, smoothly over the dome of the general's head, to help conceal its own thinness. Slow of speech is Gen. Doyle in repose, and of impressive dignity, though not stilted.

Next the commander's little den is the headquarters of the ambulance corps and a display of drugs and instruments, and surgeons always in attendance. This fact is evidenced to outsiders by the standard of the ambulance corps, nailed to a staff that is stuck in the soil beside the headquarters' building. And the flutter of the white flag, with its scarlet Maltese cross, is a trifle significant to those who know its meaning, and reflect upon the possibilities of the situation.

In a little hole opening from the surgeons' quarters is fixed a telephone that is constantly in use. Opening, too, from this apartment is a passage to a little veranda platform. In one angle of this platform is an oaken barrel with a wooden cover that is lifted with a cleat. In this barrel is ice water, and constantly, while there are no applications for its contents, a private sits upon the barrel's cover and holds it down firmly.

Afraid of Poison.

Why? Because it is feared poison may be thrown into the water. Indeed, there was last night a rumor that the water barrel had been poisoned, and that the close watching of it was the result. This rumor could not be verified, but the private sits this morning just as hard upon the wooden cover. Near by, in a box car, is the police headquarters for the storekeeper, where Sergt. Lynch waits in readiness with a score of men for action.

A ditch along the edge of William street is crossed by all the troops. The ditch is an open sewer, and, besides other refuse, it carries with its sluggish tide the drainage of a fat rendering establishment that smells horribly. Directly in line with the fat rendering abomination is this establishment where the garbage of Buffalo is destroyed. Dwellers thereabouts say the garbage mill is odorless, but they speak relatively. The fat boilery outsmells other smells.

Out in a field abreast headquarters is a goodly tent, under which officers and such men as could, found shelter yesterday, and there was a small officers' tent abreast the fat boilery. This was the only shelter for the men off duty, who were chiefly huddled along the sides of a ditch that lies in the utmost angle of the two forks of the Y.

NICKEL PLATE MEN STRIKE.

They Go Out in Sympathy for Their Brethren

Cleveland, Aug. 19.—The strike of the Nickel Plate switchmen very materially strengthened the strikers. They struck because they would not handle boycotted freight. So it is now that the switchmen upon the entire Vanderbilt system in this vicinity are out. The Lake Shore men, to be sure, were working on the Western schedule at the same rates for which their colleagues in Buffalo went on strike last Saturday. They went out solely to add strength to the movement of their fellows.

The Nickel Plates who went out struck only out of sympathy, for many are receiving at least 10 per cent higher rates than the men who originated the strike. The Michigan Central, which is of the Vanderbilt system, practically has no yards in Buffalo, their switching being done on the Central's tracks. So stands the Vanderbilt system, so far as the strike in this city is concerned.

Friday's Report.

Buffalo, Aug. 19.—Gen. Doyle this morning completed the assignment of all troops, and, under a clear sky, the men are being distributed to the points indicated in the carefully prepared schedule. The strikers in the lower yards were watching last night along the Central tracks when the troops were coming in, and all night pickets were on the alert when the morning trains came in from the east.

The impression created among the strikers along the line at East Buffalo was that the railroad companies are making a powerful demonstration. The men do not all pause to discriminate between the railroad and the presence of the volunteers. In a broad way, it is regarded as an evidence of the corporate strength of the railroad companies.

Only Fact Tangible.

The only fact tangible to the men is that out of the Lehigh and Erie yards trains are occasionally moving away, always with those chilly musket-bearers as an accompaniment. They see New York Central trains running out eastward through the day with a frequency that the leaders say is impossible to the company without the aid of striking men.

On Saturday.

Buffalo, Aug. 20.—Chief Sweeney's proposal to arbitrate the switchmen's difficulties with the companies against whom they have struck, excites some derision. The proposition of last night is designated as a "bluff." This view of Mr. Sweeney's arbitration proposal is not, however, a broad one. Those who maintain this view also affirm that Mr. Sweeney's desire to arbitrate is an evidence of weakening by the men. Such a construction of Mr. Sweeney's action does not do full justice to the shrewdness of the strike leader.

This morning Mr. Sweeney and every one of his striking switchmen are in a position to extend their hands with palms upwards and say: "We have done all we could. We have gone out with peaceful propositions to our foes. We have sought a settlement on fair terms, we have adjured the enemy to a burial of differences. We have stood on the median line between our claims and their refusals. We might have met there but our foes would not come to meet us."

Mr. Sweeney's proposal to arbitrate and the companies' having finally declined or ignored his suggestion, clears up the field behind the switchmen and enables them to say all these things in the event of an extension of the switchmen's strike or the calling out of allied occupations.

SARGENT ON THE GROUND.

Conference Being Held at Buffalo Between Leaders.

Buffalo, Aug. 22.—Mr. Sargent, of the firemen's brotherhood, is here. He said to an Associated Press reporter:

"I have not been officially informed of the situation here, and can only form opinions on the hypothesis that the conditions stated in the newspapers actually exist. If such is the case, we must consider carefully whether or not the companies, should they defeat the switchmen in this struggle, would single out our organizations one after another for annihilation, and virtually attempt to destroy organized labor.

"In the event of such a contention we might conclude that now is the time to join hands, and make a fight against capital for the recognition of organized labor, and for our own existence. If this is the case, a general strike may follow. But as I said before, I have not come here to order a strike of the firemen unless the other organizations join forces."

Sargent Imposes Condition.

Buffalo, Aug. 22.—Grand Master Sargent, of the Firemen's order, is in this city. He is willing to call out his men, but imposes conditions involving all other allied railway organizations.

FIRED STICKS AND STONES

But the Soldiers Fired Bullets—Trouble Last Night.

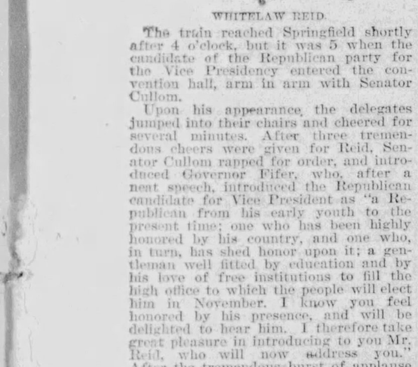
Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 23.—4 a. m.—An attack was made on the 12th regiment shortly after 2 o'clock by gangs of strikers and their friends. They crept up to within a stone's throw of the camp, hiding under cars and behind trucks, and then threw stones and pieces of iron at the soldiers. The soldiers answered the attack with bullets. The shooting was kept up for a long time and still the stone throwing continued. There is some shooting going on at this hour. Most of the shots are coming from the direction of the Clinton street crossing the Nickel Plate road. Capt. Boylan is there in charge of Co. K of the 12th. There are tenements near the railroad and the people are all out in the street. There is great excitement.

Two men who have just come in from the direction of the Tifft farm say that they heard from 30 to 40 shots at the farm and heard calls of "corporal of the guard," and then more shooting. The 22d regiment is stationed at the farm. They are in command of Col. Camp. Nothing can be learned of the cause of the shooting, though the stories of the two men that 40 shots were fired is verified by the police and telephone messages from places near the camp.

Gen. Potter, when seen a few minutes ago, said that he believed the situation just now to be more critical than at any time since the strike began. The latest report from the scene of the shooting is that four men have been killed and two wounded in one place in the Erie yard, a mile outside of the city, and that a number of other men have been wounded by the soldiers' bullets in other yards. The soldiers at Seneca street said that the men had been killed by the 71st regiment. It is impossible to get by the guards within a mile of the 71st. The corporal of the guard of post S, 9th regiment, Co. I, said there had been shooting all night. The volley that killed these men, he said, had been fired about 2:15 o'clock. A few moments before the reporter was stopped by the sentinel at the crossing a man had been shot and one of the soldiers of Co. I, and that he was wounded was proved by his groans. He tumbled over a fence which he was climbing when the shot was fired.

Rumor Denied.

Buffalo, Aug. 23.—Gen. Doyle was at military headquarters this morning when an Associated Press correspondent called and asked him if he had heard of any trouble in which the 12th regiment men were engaged last night. He said he had not.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

IN EAST TENNESSEE.

The Coal Miners up in Arms to Drive Out the Convicts Employed in the Mines.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 18.—At 3 o'clock this morning a special train with about 100 troops and civilians left for East Tennessee, in response to the governor's call for assistance.

Late last night, after consultation with Adjutant General Norman and his attorneys, Governor Buchanan ordered all the organized militia in the state to the scene of the troubles in the mining region. He then made requisitions on the sheriffs of Davidson, Hamilton and Knox counties for posses of 1,000 men each, and on the sheriffs of Anderson, Roane, Morgan and Marion for 500 men or more, if they can raise them. The penalty for any sheriff refusing to obey this order is a term of imprisonment and a fine of $10.

Friday's Report.

Knoxville, Tenn., Aug. 19.—A Journal correspondent has just escaped from Coal Creek to Offets, where wires are now working. His report confirms some rumors sent earlier in the night. Gen. Anderson was captured by five men coming under a flag of truce. He was enticed into the village by a promise of safety, and on turning a corner he met a mob who took him to a hotel and produced a letter to his lieutenant, which was an order for the surrender of the stockade and fort. Though threatened with hanging he steadily refused to sign the paper, and asked only that he be shot and his grave marked so that his family could find it.

Coal Creek is 40 miles from here, on the K. & O. railroad, with only one wire to it, and that a railroad circuit, manned by inexpert operators, who are completely terrorized by or are in sympathy with the miners.

Friday's Battle.

Knoxville, Aug. 20.—Following is an account of the encounter between the miners and troops which took place yesterday. The particulars of this fight have been delayed, owing to the fact that miners have been in possession of the wires between Knoxville and Coal Creek. The dead are, so far as known, "J. E. Wilehal, of Knoxville; Rush Givens, of Knoxville; Private Smith, of Chattanooga, killed in the fort; Private Waterman, of Memphis, and 75 straggling, who, two by two marched up Walden's ridge.

It was in the midst of a dark night. They had had no supper. They were unused to mountain climbing. Some of them fell from exhaustion. A halt was called. Maj. Pentor, Col. Ledgerwood, Capt. Anderson, Col. Woolford and Sheriff Holloway held a consultation. Four men appeared.

"We will guide you to the stockade," they said. Maj. Carpenter needed no guide. He knew the roads as well as they. The march was resumed, the 50 soldiers under Col. Woolford in front, Maj. Carpenter next, Capt. Anderson following, and Col. Ledgerwood guarding the rear. When daylight broke over the mountain the army, two by two, filed into a cut and began the descent.

[illegible]

On the east, as the last man emerged, a shuffling of feet and a cry of "Halt!" came from behind an angle in the ledge. Instantly the citizens and soldiers halted, but before they could raise their guns a volley from 25 rifles poured lead into Col. Ledgerwood's company. Then a mighty cheering arose from the slope 100 yards further down. Evidently the heart of the ambuscade had not been reached.

"Steady, boys, fire!" shouted Col. Ledgerwood, and the soldiers all fired. They reached the height. "Charge!" shouted Maj. Anderson. The miners fled. Walthall and Givins lay limp on the slanting mountain road. The miners came up from the valley, and the citizens and soldiers retreated toward Clinton, fighting as they went. Tom Carter, of Knoxville, was shot through the body.

At noon Major Carpenter was taken violently ill, in consequence of his long watch and fast. He was taken to a farm house, and the others went on. Hardly had they disappeared, when nine miners armed to the teeth, came from the bushes. Maj. Carpenter saw them from his bed. He sprang up, grasped his shotgun, and without dressing, stepped out on the porch. Leveling his gun, he said: "My name is Dan Carpenter; what do you want?"

"Nothing," said one, and they sneaked away.

No Pleasant Time.

While all this was going on, Gen. Carnes was having a far from pleasant time. He established his headquarters at Offuts, to await daylight. When it came, he marched on Coal creek. Firing from the mountains to the left was continuous.

The soldiers fired up at intervals, but they had only the smoke of the enemy's guns to aim by. Near Coal Creek, Gen. Carnes found a large number of miners guarding the railroad approach. They were captured without resistance. "Bring me Col. Anderson instantly," said Gen. Carnes.

"You shall have him at 1 o'clock," they replied. It was noon then. For an hour Gen. Carnes waited and listened to an intermittent fight going on between the fort and the miners on the mountain tops, 1,400 yards away. At 1:30 nothing had been seen of Col. Anderson, or of those who had promised to deliver him, and Gen. Carnes began to detour so as to enter Coal Creek from another direction.

On Saturday.

Coal Creek, Tenn., Aug. 20.—Noon.—An Associated Press reporter reached here last night and found quarters with the soldiers. The second detachment of Knoxville volunteers were the first to reach Fort Anderson. Capt. Anderson was restored to his men before dark.

The first action on the part of Gen. Carnes this morning was to send out scouting parties of 50 each to search for the killed and wounded, and to see that the miners did not mass. Fayette Gentry, an ex-policeman and brave man, of Knoxville, was found near the scene of Maj. Carpenter's fight in ambush. He was hard hit in the hip and left hand. He had lain on the mountain 24 hours, six of them in drenching rain. He had been without food and water for 48 hours.

THE SITUATION IS REVERSED.

General Carnes Now Master of Coal Creek.

Knoxville, Tenn., Aug. 20.—Gen. Carnes commands the situation. He has arrested 200 citizens of Coal Creek and told the miners he would hold them until Capt. Anderson was returned to him. They have delivered him up to Gen. Carnes, alive and well. Kentucky miners will not come through Knoxville and if they go to Coal Creek Gen. Carnes will greet them. Carnes telegraphs that he is in possession and has plenty of men and ammunition.

Gen. Carnes is monarch of all he surveys at Coal Creek. He occupies a meadow midway between the village and Fort Anderson. Passengers on the last train which left there say that he had taken about 100 of the insurgents prisoners and was guarding them near his camp. The garrison at Fort Anderson has been increased to 200 men and 100 picket men are guarding the depot and railroad property. Soon after his arrival he demanded the release of Capt. Anderson and gave the miners until 1 o'clock to produce him. One o'clock came; 2 and 3 o'clock passed by and the miners had not turned over the captive. He ordered his soldiers to arrest suspicious looking men. They were around the village and arrested men promiscuously until 100 had been taken in.

He had addressed them as follows: "You promised to release Capt. Anderson at 1 o'clock. You have broken faith with me. You shall produce him in one hour or I will proceed to burn every house in town and will shoot every one of you down." In less than an hour a committee sent out for the purpose marched into camp and surrendered the prisoner. He immediately resumed command at Fort Anderson. He had been concealed in a little farm house on the outskirts of the village. One man arrested this afternoon by Gen. Carnes was a negro miner who boasted that he killed Bruce Givens in the battle this morning. He will be held on a charge of murder in the first degree.

Preparations Being Made to Smoke Miners Out.

Coal Creek, Tenn., Aug. 22.—Everything is quiet in camp this morning. There have been 25 or 35 new prisoners brought in this morning. Habeas corpus proceedings have been instituted to release a great many of the prisoners, and Gen. Carnes has taken steps to procure warrants for the men, and have them indicted before a civil court. Labor Commissioner Ford is still under arrest, and positive evidence has been obtained that he not only aided and abetted the miners before the trouble, but it is strongly suspected that he had been acting as a spy up to the time of his arrest.

Preparations are being made for scouting parties to go out and smoke out the abandoned mines in order to run out miners who are suspected of being in hiding in them. Special train did not go to Jellico this morning, but returned last night.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GLADSTONE'S CABINET.

Labouchere Left Out—The Ministry Composed Principally of Young Men—Baron Houghton, Viceroy of Ireland.

London, Aug. 17.—Mr. Gladstone's cabinet has at last been given to the public. It affords some surprise. The new premier has made some startling selections, more particularly in the appointments of Arnold Morley and Baron Houghton. The new ministry is as follows:

Mr. Gladstone, lord privy seal and first lord of the treasury.
Earl Rosebery, foreign secretary.
Baron Herschell, lord chancellor.
Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer.
Herbert H. Asquith, home secretary.
The Right Hon. Henry H. Fowler, president of the local government board.
The Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman, secretary of state for war.
Earl Spencer, first lord of the admiralty.
The Right Hon. John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland.
The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, president of the board of trade.
Sir Charles Russell, attorney general.
John Rigby, solicitor general.
The Right Hon. Samuel Walker, lord chancellor of Ireland.
Mr. MacDermott, attorney general for Ireland.
The Right Hon. Edward P. C. Marjoribanks, patronage secretary to the treasury.
Alexander Asher, solicitor general for Scotland.
The Right Hon. J. B. Balfour, lord advocate for Scotland.
The Earl of Kimberly, secretary of state for India and vice president of the council.
The Marquis of Ripon, secretary of state for the colonies.
Sir George O. Trevelyan, secretary for Scotland.
Mr. Arnold Morley, postmaster general.
Mr. Arthur Herbert Dyke Acland, vice president of the council of education.
Baron Houghton, viceroy of Ireland, without a seat in the cabinet.

FINANCIAL TROUBLE IN INDIA

Government Again Asked to Stop Free Silver Coinage.

London, Aug. 22.—The Times correspondent at Calcutta says: The apparent supineness of the government on the silver question is causing dissatisfaction throughout the country.

A difference of opinion exists in regard to the adoption of a gold standard, but the conviction is growing that the time has arrived for the government to take the public into its confidence and prevent a further fall of the rupee by closing the mints to free silver coinage.

THE GOVERNMENT WILL NOT SAY

What It Proposes Doing With the Indian Financial Question.

London, Aug. 20.—A special dispatch to the Times from Calcutta, says that the government has informed the currency association that it is unable to comply with the request of the association that the government appoint a commission to inquire into the advisability of establishing a gold standard in India, and that, in view of the alarming condition of affairs and the danger of a crisis, the government dares not declare what steps it proposes to take to allay the panic existing in the country.

BE A DANGEROUS EXPEDIENT.

Closing of Indian Mints to Free Silver Coinage Will Not Do.

London, Aug. 23.—The Times in an editorial gives warning that the closing of the Indian mints against the coining of silver would be a dangerous expedient, as inducing a considerable difference between the value of the coined and that of the uncoined metal, thus stimulating unlicensed private coinage, and that the artificial value given the rupee would deprive India of a monetary standard of any kind.

In regard to the proposed to adopt bimetallism, the Times reminds India that her trouble is no concern of England's, except on the ground of sympathy. The Times agrees with the contention of Sir David Barbour, of the India council, that a common standard of value for England and India would be absolutely essential. "The adoption of a gold standard in India," the Times adds, "would be the best possible remedy, but it would raise difficulties. For example, what is to be done with the silver coinage now in private hands?"

INTERNATIONAL GRAIN MARKET.

It Will Convene at Vienna, Austria, This Week.

Vienna, Aug. 19.—The International grain and seed market which is held here on the 29th and 30th inst., opens with a conference in the great hall of the Agricultural bourse, when reports will be presented giving estimates of the harvest of 1892 in the United States of America, Canada, Russia, India, and other grain producing countries.

It is anticipated that the gathering will be unusually large, and that the transactions will be of a magnitude hitherto unsurpassed. Special train arrangements have been made for the influx of home and foreign visitors.

VERITABLE HARVEST OF DEATH.

Cholera Is Still Raging in the Far East.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 23.—The official cholera report shows an increase of 381 new cases and an increase of 236 deaths as compared with Saturday's figures. The total number of new cases reported yesterday was 6,891 and the deaths numbered 3,313.

The disease continues to claim a fearfully large number of victims in Teheran. Sanitary regulations are almost unknown here and the fatalistic tendencies of the people make it almost impossible to combat the disease. It is not known exactly how many persons have died from cholera since it first made its appearance here a short time ago, but its fatal effect can be imagined when it is stated that 800 persons died yesterday.

The city is estimated to have a population of 140,000, but it is so unhealthy in the summer that the Shah, his court, and the upper classes invariably leave it during the season and encamp on the plains of Sultaneeyah, one hundred and fifty miles north of Teheran. The poorer classes are compelled to remain within the unhealthy precincts of the city, and the fearful mortality is entirely among them.

UNABLE TO MEET THE DEMAND.

Germany Wants More American Pork Than Can Be Furnished.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—In reference to the report cabled to Berlin to the effect that trichinae had been found in American hams and bacon, Secretary Rusk, who is in this city, says:

"We have not been officially notified that any hams or bacon bearing our government certificate of inspection contained any trichinae. There have been meats which did not bear the government stamps but were certified to by some of the German consuls in the United States, which have passed into Germany. They are doubtless those alluded to in the dispatch. We have been unable to meet the demand in Germany for our inspected meats. They sell for 5c a hundred pounds higher than the uninspected article. Germany has never refused our inspection. We have no objection to their inspection."

SUBTILE DESIGNS UNDERLIE IT.

Salisbury Forbearance With Morocco, Commented On.

London, Aug. 20.—A blue book is published containing further correspondence that passed between Lord Salisbury and Sir Charles Euan-Smith in relation to the latter's mission to Fez. Lord Salisbury, in his concluding dispatch to Sir Charles, protests that the advantages sought by the proposed treaty with Morocco would be enjoyed equally by all powers; but that as the misconception has arisen that England aimed at self aggrandizement, it would be inexpedient to adopt measures of menace, which, while they might be unsuccessful, would revive and appear to confirm these misconceptions.

"Therefore," concludes Lord Salisbury, "for the present, make no further attempt to induce the Sultan to accept the treaty." The Graphic, commenting on the correspondence, says that the foregoing dispatch is scarcely satisfactory, and that it will be difficult to persuade a foreigner that some subtle design does not underlie Lord Salisbury's amazing forbearance.

HAVE ABANDONED NEW YORK.

Democr

WASHINGTON NEWS.

"GIDEON BAND".

The Secret Order Within the Farmers' Alliance and People's Party Ranks.

Washington, Aug. 17.—Something more is learned about "Gideon's Band." It is said that the successor of Congressman Livingston, as Jerubbaal or Mighty Chief Gideon, is one of the leading officers of the Farmers' Alliance and that Livingston retired because it was thought desirable that the mighty chief should not be a politician who was himself a candidate for office.

The Omaha convention was dominated by the Gideonites. Their leaders saw at an early stage that they could not afford to stand out against the sentiment for Judge Gresham which the Knights of Labor had worked up, but they secretly did all they could to discourage the Gresham movement in order that the way might be clear for Weaver to be nominated. Nobody had any chance against Weaver except Gresham.

A hack politician of Weaver's cunning would be quick to avail himself of the powerful lever which the secret legion would give in the way of compact organization. Many of the Alliance people who were against Weaver could not understand how he could take the convention by the throat. They saw evidences of organization, but they didn't know how complete this was. Perhaps they will understand now.

Splendid Organization.

As far as can be gathered the Gideonites are organized in probably three-fourths of the Congressional districts of the Northwest, the West, and the South. Not all of the Alliance members of the present House are among the Gideonites, but it is understood that those who are have succeeded in being renominated without trouble.

In Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas the roster is declared to include a band of Gideonites in every district of the state. In Iowa, Missouri and Illinois the organization is not nearly so complete. Of the Southern states it is said to be most thorough in Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama and Texas. It is claimed that there is not now a state in the Union which has not at least one band of Gideonites, though this may be doubted, as the efforts of the Alliance to gain a foothold in New England and the Eastern states have been failures. And before the Band of Gideon can be organized there must be a regular Alliance organization with its oaths and secret pass-words.

The binding nature of the oath which the members of the band take is probably not realized by many of them. To agree to surrender one's body to the "just vengeance" of the members of the order, in case the oath is broken, is something new even to agrarian politics. It is the kind of an oath taken by members of Italian assassination societies. It is not known that anybody in the order has yet taken it upon himself to go outside the laws of the land and wreak "just vengeance" on some unfaithful member. Yet the pledge to submit to this vengeance implies that some body is expected to execute it.

Will Cause a Sensation.

Congressman Livingston's prominence among the Gideonites is likely to cause a sensation in the South. He is known there as the craftiest and boldest of the Alliance leaders. But he has professed to be a Democrat, and to act as an Alliance man within the Democratic ranks. He refused to join Tom Watson in organizing the Independent or Alliance party in the present House.

Leaders Are Uneasy.

Southern leaders are uneasy, because they think the aim of the Gideonites is to control the next House. As the present House there are about forty members of the Alliance, yet the third party only had nine members. With the overwhelming Democratic majority, a defection of 40 would not have prevented Democratic organization. So the Democrats have no cause to fear any move of the Alliance.

While Tom Watson and Jerry Simpson at times chaffed their fellow-Alliance members, they kept within the Democratic lines, and there never seemed to be any bitterness between the two factions. Now, it is surmised, that that here was a complete understanding and Jerry Simpson and Col. Livingston went from Chicago together to the St. Louis convention, where the mighty Gideon, or Jerubbaal Livingston, gave up his position as head of the order of Gideonites, and fell back into the ranks. Last summer Simpson had a scheme for making Livingston speaker of the House, but the conditions not being favorable, it was dropped.

Politicians of all parties recognize that the next House is going to be close. An independent element of 30 members would undoubtedly prevent either the Republicans or Democrats from having a clear majority. If enough Gideonites are returned either as independent Alliance members, as fusionists, or as Alliance Democrats, it would not be so hard for them to make Livingston speaker. They would drive a bargain with the regular Democrats, who, for the sake of a division of the spoils, would probably agree to support the Gideonite.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Its Reunion at Chattanooga Will Be a Grand Affair.

Washington, Aug. 22.—The preparations for the coming reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, at Chattanooga, September 15, 16 and 17 next, have brought out some information of great interest to all veterans. As an example, it is found that there are 21,000 surviving officers and non-commissioned officers of the 265 regiments and batteries which served in that army. The names and present postoffice address of its whole number have been secured, and invitations to the reunion sent to each. Besides these, several thousand invitations have been sent out under the direction of Gen. Rosecrans, the president of the society. The list of officers and non-commissioned officers is accepted as showing that about 80,000 private soldiers who served in the Army of the Cumberland, or about 100,000 in all, still survive.

The information received by Gen. Rosecrans indicates that the Chattanooga reunion will be one of the largest army gatherings of recent years. The Reunion of Gen. Wilder alone will have 1,200 of its former members in attendance to lay the corner stone of its monument in the Chickamauga National park. Gen. Grant, the acting secretary of War, has approved as the location of this monument, a point 50 feet south of the Widow Glenn's house, which was Gen. Rosecrans's headquarters on the field. This imposing structure will be 110 feet high, and will cost $35,000.

THE FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

It Will Hold a Grand Reunion at Washington.

Washington, Aug. 23.—Members of the Fourteenth army corps met last night, and completed arrangements for holding a grand reunion of the surviving members of the Fourteenth army corps in this city during the coming national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. The date selected for holding this reunion is Monday evening, September 19, 1892.

The meeting will occur on the "White Lot" immediately south of the executive mansion, now known as "Grand Army Place." All members of the corps are urgently requested to be present. Walt Hudnall, 85th Ills. Inf., J. C. Donaldson, 38th Ohio Inf., J. R. Leonard, 75th Indiana Inf., were appointed a committee to look after the matter.

HUNTING UP THE WAR GOVERNORS

It Is Desired That They All Attend the Big Encampment.

Washington, Aug. 20.—(Special.)—Very fittingly, all surviving war governors are to be invited to attend the coming Grand Army encampment. So far only five have been located, namely, Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Blair, of Michigan; Kirkwood, of Iowa; Fletcher, of Missouri, and Sprague, of Rhode Island.

If other are living their address is desired by the executive committee. The celebrated Altoona conference of war governors in splendor, in '62, just before issuing the emancipation proclamation, was a very important one and every man then present, now living, should be here.

A RETALIATION PROCLAMATION

Canadian Vessels Will Now Pay When They Pass the Soo.

Washington, Aug. 22.—President Harrison has issued his retaliation proclamation against Canada. After reciting the cause of the trouble, and discussing the tolls question in full, he says in concluding the proclamation:

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the power to that end conferred upon me by said act of Congress approved July 26, 1892, do hereby direct that from and after September 1, 1892, until further notice, a toll of twenty cents per ton be levied, collected and paid on all freight of whatever kind or description passing through the St. Mary's Falls canal, in transit to any port of the Dominion of Canada, whether carried in vessels of the United States or of other nations; and to that extent I hereby suspend from and after said date the right of free passage through said St. Mary's Falls canal of any and all cargoes or portions of cargoes in transit to Canadian ports.

In testimony whereof, etc.,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President, John W. Foster, Secretary of State.

It Was Unexpected.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 22.—The intelligence that President Harrison had issued his proclamation against Canada created no little excitement here. The members of the government, with the exception of the postmaster-general, the minister of railways and canals and the minister of agriculture, are out of town. None of the ministers here is disposed to express any decided opinion at present as to what action Canada will take, now that the American "Soo" canal is to all intents and purposes closed to Canadian vessels, owing to prohibitory duties. President Harrison's action was totally unexpected.

Judging from the under-current of feeling displayed in official circles, the Canadian government will likely not yield. It is surmised that a full meeting of the cabinet will be held at an early date to consider the situation.

TOLLS ON CANADIAN VESSELS.

Acting Secretary Spalding Tells How They Will be Collected.

Washington, Aug. 22.—Acting Secretary Spalding, of the treasury department, has issued a circular letter of instructions to collectors of customs under the act relating to the collecting of tolls on Canadian vessels at St. Mary's Falls canal, which provides that money shall be collected under regulations to be established by the secretary of the Treasury. After reciting the law and the President's proclamation he directs as follows:

On the passage through the canal at St. Mary's Falls in your district from and after the first proximo, of any vessel with cargo, you will exact tolls as provided for above, but no tolls will be charged or collected as regards freight carried, to land at Ogdensburg, or any port west of Ogdensburg and south of a line drawn from the Northern boundary of the state of New York through the St. Lawrence river, the great lakes and their connecting channels, to the northern boundary of the state of Minnesota.

The master of every such vessel will be required to furnish a sworn statement, substantially in the form of a manifest, showing the name of the vessel, its destination, the name of the master and number of tons and kind of merchandise carried. If the destination be such as to except the vessel from tolls you will make entry of that fact in a book with columns as exhibiting the particulars specified in the master's statement, and also the amounts chargeable and the amounts paid.

CANADIAN PRESS VERY BITTER.

The Toronto Mail the Only Paper That Does Not Join in the Abuse.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 22.—The press of Canada is bitter in its denunciation of the proclamation of the President of the United States imposing a toll upon vessels passing through the Sault Ste. Marie canal.

The Toronto Mail is the only paper yet seen that does not join in the general abuse. The Mail thinks it not a very serious matter, and that the difficulty is not going to lead to reprisals or ill-feeling.

FINANCES OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Secretary Foster Not Alarmed at the Gold Shipments.

Washington, Aug. 23.—Treasury officials state that the department has a balance of $50,000,000, and the revenues, notwithstanding the loss of the $60,000,000 on sugar, are increasing at the rate of $1,000,000 a month from customs alone. This rate of increase has been going on since the first of March.

The increase of internal revenues for the year closed July 1 was $3,000,000 over the year before, and this year there will be an increase of $6,000,000 over the year just closed. It is estimated that the customs revenues this year will produce a surplus of $15,000,000 over the expenditures.

Secretary Foster is not at all apprehensive that the Treasury department will experience any trouble in the matter of the shipment of gold during the present year. He so expressed himself to a reporter. The secretary believes that things are safe with the large amount of gold the government absolutely owns, viz.: $110,000,000, and thinks it will take many a demand to seriously deplete this store, when constant accessions to it are being made. Nothing has been done looking to prevention of the shipments of gold from this country, said the secretary, and nothing will be done.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG EXHIBIT.

Government Architects Will Select Site for the Buildings.

Washington, Aug. 17.—Supervising Architect Edbrooke has left here for Chicago for the purpose of selecting sites for the government buildings for the World's Fair.

One will be used to exhibit the practical operations of the signal service in taking observations, etc.; another will consist of a fully equipped army hospital; a third will be devoted to the exhibit from the Indian school at Carlisle, and the fourth will be a fac simile of the naval observatory at Washington, fitted up with an equatorial telescope and other astronomical apparatus.

PLATT AND QUAY ALL RIGHT.

Both Men Come Squarely Out for the Ticket.

New York, Aug. 18.—Peace hath her victories and leaders are jubilant over the fact that only two Republicans of national prominence who have shown any apathy in the support of the Presidential ticket, namely, T. C. Platt and M. S. Quay, have come out with hearty assurances of their intention to do active work for the party.

Wisconsin Republicans.

Milwaukee, Aug. 18.—The Republican state convention yesterday was a most unanimous affair. Ex-Senator Spooner, of Hudson, and John C. Koch, of Milwaukee, were nominated by acclamation, the former for governor, and the latter for lieutenant governor, amidst the greatest enthusiasm. R. W. Jackson, of Shawano, was nominated for secretary of state by a majority of 111 over O. L. Rosekrause, of Oconomowoc. Atley Peterson, of Crawford, was nominated for treasurer by acclamation. The platform adopted approves the Minneapolis platform, denounces the proposition of the Democratic national platform to repeal the tax levied on the circulation of state banks,

It approves the administration of President Harrison; it reaffirms and endorses the declaration of the Republican convention held in this city in May last upon the educational question as fully defining the position of the Republican party of the state upon the subject which was that the "reduced issue" of 1890 is permanently settled, and not to be revived by the Republican party; it denounces the Democratic apportionment; it denounces "the parsimony of the Democratic party of the state for its refusal to make adequate appropriation of money for a fit representation by the state at the World's Fair," and calls attention "with shame to the action of the Democratic majority in Congress in refusing to grant a liberal appropriation" for the fair; it condemns the cruel treatment of negroes in Southern states.

THE RECORD BROKEN.

Nancy Hanks Queen of the Trotters, and Hal Pointer King of the Racers.

Chicago, Aug. 18.—Maud S. is no longer queen of the trotting turf. The proud position which the daughter of Harold has held so long has been wrested from her, and Nancy Hanks reigns in her stead.

Yesterday afternoon, at Washington Park, in the presence of 10,000 spectators, Budd Doble drove his beautiful mare to beat her record of 2:09. She not only beat her own record, but lowered the world's trotting record from 2:08 3-4, the time of Maud S., to 2:07 1-4. The track was a trifle dusty in places, but as fast as it well could be. The mare was in excellent condition, fit to trot for a man's life, and before she made the trial it was the general opinion that if Nancy Hanks was ever to equal her record of 2:09, Washington Park track and yesterday was the place and time to do it.

The official time for the mile, which was as honest a mile as was ever trotted, is: 31 1-2, 1:03 3-4, 1:36 1-2, 2:07 1-4. The last quarter was trotted in 30 3-4 seconds.

The officials at Washington Park claim that the time of 2:07¾, made by Maud S. at Cleveland in 1885, is second to that of Nancy Hanks's record of yesterday. Sunol, owned by Robert Bonner, of New York, trotted in 2:08¾ on a kite-shaped track at Stockton, Cal., in 1891. This performance they declare to be inferior to that of Maud S., on the regulation track, which they say is conceded to be from one to three seconds slower than the kite-shaped track.

CONFESSES THE BORDEN MURDER.

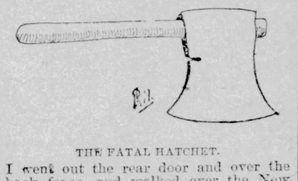
Peckham Surrendered to the Westport Chief of Police.

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 18.—Charles H. Peckham, of Central Village, West-

ANDREW J. BORDEN.

port, Mass., walked into the Central police station this morning and said to Assistant Marshal Fleet:

"Well, Mr. Marshal, I killed Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Borden, and I have come from home to give myself up. I went over the back fence and through the rear door of the Borden house two weeks ago to-day, and I killed both of those people out of pure love for blood.



THE FATAL HATCHET.

I went out the rear door and over the back fence, and walked over the New Bedford road home. I'm the murderer, and I want to be locked up."

The marshal took him to the cell room and searched him. He found a pocket-book with a few receipts in it, and also unearthed some official com-

MRS. ABBIE D. BORDEN.

munications from the Russian bureau at Washington. Peckham is 62 years of age, about five feet eight inches tall, and has a beard. He says he leases a farm from Edmund Davis. The police have started to hunt up his relatives or friends.

A SILVER CONVENTION CALLED.

It Will be Held at El Paso, Tex., December 5.

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 17.—The executive committee of the Southwest Silver convention, yesterday issued a call for a second annual convention to meet in this city Monday, December 5. As one reason for the call, the committee said: "The silver industry is at this moment in a most critical condition. Mines are closing down, and the further explorations and development of mineral resources of the Southwest have received a serious shock. During the past twelve months the enemies of bimetalism have been so active that on the 12th of August, silver reached the lowest figure in its history, 82 1-3. The restoration of silver to its natural and traditional ratio value with gold of 16 to 1, is demanded.

Michigan Democrats.

Grand Rapids, Aug. 18.—As predicted yesterday morning, Morse walked away with the gubernatorial plum. The following ticket was nominated:

For governor—Allen B. Morse, of Ionia; for lieutenant governor—James P. Edwards, of Houghton; treasurer—Frederick Marvin, of Wayne; secretary of state—Charles F. Marskey, of Saginaw; for auditor general—James A. Vannier, of Marquette; for attorney general—Adolphus A. Ellis, of Bois; for superintendent of public instruction—Ferris S. Fitch, of Pontiac; for commissioner of state lands—George Schaffer, of Carrs; member state board of equalization—James A. Burr, of Genesee; elector-at-large, eastern district—George B. Durand, of Genesee; elector-at-large, western district—Peter White, of Marquette.

The platform was lengthy. It denounced the McKinley law and the administration of President Harrison.

Jerry Simpson Nominated.

Dodge City, Aug. 17.—The Democrats of the Seventh Kansas district yesterday endorsed and nominated Jerry Simpson for Congress. A good deal of opposition to Simpson developed early in the day. The news of the endorsement of the Democratic candidate by the People's party in the Second district caused a stampede to Simpson.

When the convention got down to work everything went fusion's way. The convention endorsed the fusion platform adopted at the Democratic state convention, commended Simpson's Congressional career and nominated him for re-election. The platform was adopted without a dissenting vote.

Id ho Republicans.

Moscow, Idaho, Aug. 20.—The Republican state convention met here yesterday. The committee on resolutions reported a platform, which favored free and unlimited coining of silver, protection to American industries as set forth in the national platform, and strongly endorses the administration of President Harrison

Ex-Senator W. J. McConnell was nominated for governor on the second ballot.

Silver and Lead Discoveries.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 20.—Two prospectors have discovered high grade silver and lead ores about fifteen miles from here. The silver ore assays as high as 1,300 ounces to the ton. Land around the discovery to the extent of a thousand acres has been purchased, a company organized, and the find will be at once developed.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Have Taken Kansas City—The City Gay With Flags and Noisy With Music—Proceedings To-day.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 23.—The Army of the White Lily has taken Kansas City. The Knights of Pythias are in possession of the town. The dove of peace perched on the Pythian banner as the Knights marched in, and the occupation of the city was a bloodless one. Kansas City simply opened her gates, turned the keys over to the Pythian host and the Knights are in possession.

The occupation of the army may have been a peaceful one, but it was accompanied by much noise and confusion. Ever since Sunday the throngs of Knights and their ladies have been arriving by crowded railway trains, marching through crowded streets to the crowded camp and over-crowded hotels and lodging houses. Nearly every arriving body of Knights has been accompanied by a band, and when not so accompanied have soon provided themselves with the various noise-making instruments for sale at every street corner by enterprising fakirs. The result has been and is continuous confusion and noise.

The city's population has been nearly doubled in three days by the visiting throngs. The normal population Sunday was, according to Mr. Porter's census, 138,000. To-day it is estimated at 200,000, the increase being Knights of Pythias and civilian visitors.

Trains bearing visitors almost innumerable continued to arrive all last night and up to noon to-day with a frequency that taxed the resources of all the railway stations. The organized bodies of Knights were escorted quickly to Camp White. The individual visitors sought places of refuge with indifferent success at the hotels and leading houses.

Camp George B. Shaw presents a truly martial appearance, although gaily decorated with flags and bunting of the Pythian colors. The guards solemnly pace their beats, as if the fate of an army depended upon the strict performance of their duty. Aides and orderlies scurry hither and thither with an energy worthy of real army service, and the general military rules and proprieties are strictly observed. The camp is occupied by some 12,000 men of the Uniform Rank. They have come from every state and territory in the Union, and from Canada and Mexico.

This afternoon they will participate in the grand parade of all the uniformed bodies. The great procession is scheduled to move at 4 o'clock.

REPORT OF K. P. ENDOWMENT RANK.

Splendid Showing Made by the Officials of That Branch.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 22.—The report of the officers of the Endowment Rank, Knights of Pythias, to be presented to the supreme lodge, which meets to-morrow, states that on July 1, 1892, there were 1,417 sections, 29,405 members, and the endowment in force was $62,952,000, showing an increase of 500 sections, 8,000 members and $17,000,000 endowment in the two years preceding. The resources of the rank June 30 were balance cash on hand, Endowment Rank depository, $69,138,000. Assessments due in process of collection, $15,457; accrued interest, $3,256; total, $87,861.

The liability representing death losses accruing before July 1 is shown in the following statement: In litigation, $23,000; in process of adjustment, $53,000; proofs in process of completion, 111,000.

While the above figures, says the report, represent the actual financial status of the rank on July 1, 1892, in which is charged the entire death loss that accrued prior to and including the month of June, the contingent income or resources are more than ample to meet all maturing claims.

The board recommends that the City National bank, of Fort Worth, Texas, be continued as the rank's depository. It recommends further that the present constitution of the rank be thoroughly revised and amended so as to reduce the maximum limit of a time of three members of the rank, and providing that the rank be not liable in the event of the suicide of members.

HOMESTEAD BECOMING DESERTED.

Many of the Strikers are Seeking Work Elsewhere.

Homestead, Aug. 22.—Homestead is daily becoming more deserted, many of the strikers securing work elsewhere, pending a settlement of the strike. As a result the relief committee find their work much easier.

The soldiers here are looking forward to the first of September, when they expect to be relieved. By that time, they will have been in continuous service longer than any time during the history of the guard, having been on the field sixty days.

The Fourteenth regiment, which held the record at Johnstown, was on duty only thirty-three days. The soldiers generally are of the opinion, from their constant association with the strike, that it would not be wise to remove the guard for a month at any rate.

HILL CALLED ON GOV. M'KINLEY

But Was Too Busy to Visit "General" Stevenson.

New York, Aug. 23.—(Special.)—Democrats are quite disappointed to-day over the failure of Tammany to hold the important meeting advertised for yesterday. They had high hopes that the meeting would result in some developments looking to harmony and active work by Tammany, as a result of the alleged deal between the sentorship. The promised meeting, however, did not materialize, and nobody can learn that it is likely to be held.

Stevenson left for home to-day, having failed to come in contact with Senator Hill, though he hovered about Hill's retreat some days in hope the latter would call.

Curious enough, Hill found time to call on Governor McKinley and have a pleasant chat on the first day of his arrival, but was too busy to call on Stevenson in the two or three days the latter spent near the resort where Hill was located.

KENTUCKY'S VOTE MAY NOT COUNT

The Late Election Bill May be Declared Unconstitutional.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 19.—In the general mixing up of things, due to the failure of the legislature to pass a number of bills by a constitutional majority, there is danger that the electoral vote of Kentucky will be thrown out in the approaching Presidential contest.

A number of the amendments to the election bill failed to receive a majority vote in the Senate, and if Gov. Brown's construction of the constitution is adhered to by the courts, serious trouble may result, since the entire bill may be declared unconstitutional.

LARGEST SAILING VESSEL AFLOAT.

Launching of the Ship Roanoke at Bath, Me.

Bath, Me., Aug. 20.—It is not often that the public takes an interest in the launching of a great merchantman. But the ship Roanoke, which will cut the waters here to-day for the first time, has a destiny to fulfill. It is intended to be the first of a fleet of great and speedy sailing vessels which are to ply between New York, San Francisco and the Asiatic ports.

The Raleigh, when completed, will be the largest sailing vessel afloat. It will be commanded by Capt. J. P. Hamilton. The launching to-day will take place from the yards of Sewall & Co.

Reached an Agreement.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 20.—A special from Youngstown, O., says: Late last night, after a prolonged session, the conference committee of the Amalgamated association and the Mahoning Valley Iron Manufacturers' association reached an agreement. The scale as adopted is the same as the Pittsburg scale, with the exception of changes of slight importance in the deviation clause. The mills will resume at once.

DESCENDANTS OF DAVY CROCKETT.

Rutherford, Penn., Aug. 17.—The descendants of the immortal Davy Crockett are to-day celebrating the one hundreth and sixth anniversary of the birth of the great pioneer. Fully a thousand visitors, in addition to the immediate descendants are here, and are making the occasion one long to be remembered.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

OLD TIPPECANOE'S MONUMENT.

It Will Arrive at Cincinnati Some Time This Week.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 20.—During the term of President Harrison he will have the proud honor of unveiling in the city of Cincinnati a splendid equestrian statue of his distinguished grandsire, Gen. William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. The statue is finished, and will arrive in Cincinnati this week.

STATUE OF GEN. HARRISON.

Gen. Harrison was buried at North Bend, fifteen miles west of Cincinnati, on a hill of his vast estate, and nearly on the line between Ohio and Indiana, two states which were born under his governorship. For years his neglected tomb has called forth criticism, and Ohio has several times started by legislative action to give a fitting monument to one of its pioneer heroes and the ninth President of the United States. Five years ago, when preparations were made for the Ohio Centennial, it was suggested that no man of Ohio's early history deserved more credit and honor than Gen. Harrison. Thus it was proposed to erect a monument either at his tomb or in Cincinnati, which had been his home.

The commission and the sculptor both agreed that Gen. Harrison should best be portrayed for the public in his character as a young soldier and general in the war of 1812. The current pictures of him as president show him as an old broken-down man. Rebisso, from early paintings and from recollections, gave the face of the statue the firm, military vigor and determined face of the general who fought the combined British and Indian forces of his country. There are several portraits and busts of Gen. Harrison made as he appeared later in life, but Rebisso has pictured him as a military hero, as his place in history depends more on his war record than upon his brief month in the Presidential office.

The final dedication of the monument will probably be during the first months of the World's Fair, when many foreign notables can be present to witness the honor paid to the memory of an American military hero.

THE GOVERNOR'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Warwick's Successor Must Be Chosen By the Old District.

Columbus, O., Aug. 20.—Governor McKinley has made an official announcement that the election to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman Warwick must be held by the old Sixteenth district. The date of the election has not yet been settled. The governor has written the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic committees in Stark, Wayne and Holmes counties, asking for their opinions on the question of holding this special election upon the day of the general November election.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether a general and a special election can be held on the same day, under the present circumstances. If it is found that there is no legal barrier, the governor will doubtless order the special election to be held on the day of the general November election, and thus save a large additional expense.

CLOUDBURST AT ROANOKE, VA.

Hundred Thousand Dollars Worth of Property Swept Away.

Baltimore, Aug. 23.—A special from Roanoke, Va., says: A cloudburst visited Roanoke last night about 11 o'clock, and within half an hour over $100,000 damage was done, and one life, if not more, was lost. The business portion of the city, which is in low land, was the principal sufferer. Every store on Salem avenue and Jefferson street was flooded, and their contents badly damaged. A large sewer is being built along Salem avenue, and this ditch was soon flooded with water.

Barney Smith, a blacksmith at the Roanoke machine works, fell into it and was drowned. His body was recovered this morning. It is reported that two other bodies have been found, but it is impossible at this time to verify the report. Rain fell in torrents during the night, and is falling now. Many sidewalks are washed away, and the electric light plant has been flooded.

THE MAIL CARRIERS CONVENTION.

Several Recommendations Will be Made by the Body.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 23.—The national mail carriers' convention begins in this city to-day. Several hundred delegates will be present at the first session, which will be held in Lorraine Hall. One of the most important questions to be considered is the advisability of instituting in the insurance feature of the association a graded assessment for the levy rate, which now prevails.

The carriers will also urge another grade—to $1,200 and the extension of the civil service rules to all postoffices having a free carrier system.

OCEAN RECORD AGAIN BROKEN.

The City of New York Beats the Best Time an Hour.

New York, Aug. 23.—The officers of the Inman Steamship company in this city received a cablegram to-day stating that the steamship City of New York, which left here Wednesday for Queenstown, passed Brow Head at 1 o'clock this afternoon (Greenwich time), thus breaking the Eastern record for the ocean racers.

The officers figure that the time made by the City of New York was 5 days and 20 hours, thus beating the record of 5 days, 21 hours and 22 minutes made by the White Star steamer Teutonic 1 hour and 22 minutes.

LEAVES OF ABSENCE GRANTED.

Veterans May Attend the Coming G. A. R. Encampment.

Washington, Aug. 20.—Acting Secretary Spaulding has authorized collectors of customs and other officers under the direction of the treasury department, to grant leave of absence to all persons under their immediate jurisdiction who served in the army or navy during the war of the rebellion, for the purpose of attending the Washington encampment September 20, next.

The Texas Democrats.

Houston, Aug. 20.—Clark was nominated for governor by the anti-Hogg Democrats. The Clark men in the Hogg convention will not stand the platform adopted, and have gone to pieces, some flocking to the Clark convention, others going home.

Weaver Starts South.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 22.—Gen. Weaver, after visiting at his home for a few hours, started South last night. He will speak in Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, the Carolinas and Virginia. He will return to Iowa early in October and devote the balance of his time to the Northwestern states. He is in good health and is very sanguine.

Special Session Called.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 20.—The legislature has been called to meet again August 25 by the governor to consider the bills vetoed by him before the adjournment Tuesday.

RED SKINNED IDIOTS IN OKLAHOMA

Still Indulging in the Festive Ghost Dance.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 23.—Deputy Marshal Lilly came in this morning from Otoe, from near Ponca, bringing nearly a score of Indians.

Lilly states that the entire Otoe tribe is at their camp, dancing the Messiah dance, and that recently they were joined by the Iowas, Poncas, Osages and other small neighboring tribes; that the dance was on in earnest, and that considerable anxiety was manifested by the whites in the neigborhood.

Rested Their Case.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 23.—The plaintiffs in the Iron Hall receivership case this morning rested their case. The plaintiffs charged that books, papers, money, etc., were being moved from the Iron Hall building in this city, and asked Judge Taylor for a restraining order. The order was promptly issued, a deputy was sent to lock the building, and the keys are now in possession of the court.

Mastodon Unearthed.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 23.—While a number of workmen were getting timber on the Kaw Indian reservation north of here, they unearthed the bones of some mammoth animal. A tusk was found that was five feet in length and the largest end was over three feet in circumference. The bone from the knee to the hip joint was over five feet in length, and in the center was 25 inches in circumference. Across the haunches the bones were over five feet and the ribs were over four feet in length. The skeleton will probably be exhibited at the World's Fair.

Tait Removed.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 22.—At the meeting of the Republican State Central committee last night the name if T. J. Majors was placed on the ticket for lieutenant-governor, in place of J. G. Tait, found ineligible.

Stevenson Going Home.

New York, Aug. 23.—Gen. A. E. Stevenson left for his home at Bloomington, Ill., by the 9:15 o'clock train this morning, from the Grand Central depot.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The two factors affecting the money market last week were the switchmen's strike at Buffalo, and the continued shipment of gold to Europe. A little less than two millions of the yellow metal went over. Money hardened slightly, as the exports of gold and the movement of currency from New York into the interior to move the crops, so far reduced the idle surplus of the funds in that city as to make the money market somewhat more active; and as the latter cause will continue operative, this activity will increase. Call money ranged from 1 1-2 to 2 per cent, the greater portion of transactions being at the latter figure, at which renewals were made. The market was well supplied with time funds, and the rates were 2 per cent for 30 days, 2 1-2 per cent for 60 days, 3 per cent for 90 days to four months, and 3 1-2@4 per cent for five to seven months.

The events of the week were decidedly against the stock market, but it showed a strong degree of resisting power. Not the facts that silver again touched the lowest price on record, nor the great switchmen's strike, nor the continuation of gold exports in spite of the many predictions to the contrary, nor that European holders of American securities keep on sending them over here for realization, all of which would ordinarily drive the whole list to a sharp decline, have been able to do so at this juncture. The resisting power of the market is evidently the confidence on the part of the large holders of stocks that prices are as low as the actual condition of the properties they represent will justify, and their confidence in the resources of the country. They feel that the price will go up rather than down, and are willing to wait.

Each week brings some further evidence of an increasing volume of trade, and the total for this season promises to eclipse all previous records. Manufactories in many lines are running day and night, and are still unable to get ahead of their orders. The only complaint arises from the low prices and the narrow margin of profit, but this is practically offset by the greater consumption. Country orders are increasing, and wholesale dealers report a more active demand for prompt delivery. The situation in the South is more encouraging, and although Southern purchases have been delayed, merchants say that the South will buy more than in previous years. Reports from the West, Northwest and Southwest are highly encouraging, and although harvesting is still in progress, the demand for staple articles is much heavier than in previous years. This is one result of last year's large crops and high prices.

The fall in silver in London noted last week was followed by a reaction to 38 5-16 pence per ounce, but on Thursday there was another decline to 37 7-8 pence. The derangement of Eastern exchanges has led to further discussion of the currency question in India, and at a public meeting at Madras the government was asked to declare what steps it proposes to take to allay the panic existing in the country. It was reported on Thursday that as an effect of the derangement of the exchanges and the consequent lossess in Eastern trade, the Mercantile bank of India, London and China, with a capital of £750,000, had suspended. It was asserted at the same time that the credit of the bank has not been good for a long while. The next day, however, the report came that the bank had not failed, but would go into liquidation. This caused a slight recovery. The latest quotation for silver in New York on Saturday was 83 3-4 which is equal to 64.77 cents for the value of the pure metal in the United States dollar.

A MASS OF MISSTATEMENT.

The Hatch Report of Prices of Farm Products.

Washington, Aug. 16.—(Special.)—It has been discovered here within the past day or two that the report recently made by Congressman Hatch, of the Agricultural committee, on prices of farm products is to be extensively used by the Democrats as a campaign document.

In view of this fact competent parties have examined it carefully and find it one mass of mis-statements, many of which are so plain as to give the whole thing away and remove any possible influence that kind of Democratic literature might have on the election.

Said a friend to Mr. Hatch: "I don't know who wrote it, but I don't want to believe Hatch did."

French Wheat Crop.

London, Aug. 23.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says that the French wheat crop is estimated at 102,000,000 hectolitres, and that the high weight, 80 kilos per hectolitre, will bring the production up to nearly the decennial average.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Wednesday, Aug. 24, 1892.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Aug. 23.	Aug. 18.
U. S. 4's coupons	115¼	115¼
U. S. 4's registered	115¼	115¼
U. S. 2's registered	100 bid	100 bid
Pac. 6's '95	107 bid	107 bid

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

New York, Aug. 23.—United States 4s registered, $1 15¼; 4s coupons, $1 15¾; U. S. 5s registered, $1 00 bid; Pacific 6s, $1 07 bid.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
A. C. O.	47¼	47¼	46½	46½
At	39½	40¾	39¾	40¼
A. S. R.	114	....	113	113½
C.	59¼	....	....	59½
C. G. T.	8¾	8¾	8¼	8¼
C. B. Q.	102	102¾	101¾	101¾
C. C. C.	66	66¾	66	66¼
D. L. W.	158¾	158¾	157¾	158¼
Erie	27¾	27¾	27¼	27¼
F.	135¾	....	....	135½
L. S.	135¾	135¾	135	135
L. N.	70¾	70¾	69¾	69¾
Lead	46¾	46¾	45¾	45¾
Lead pfd	89½	89½	88¾	88¾
M. P.	61¾	62¾	61	61½
N. E.	32¾	33¾	31¾	32¼
N. A.	14	14½	14	14¾
N. Y. C.	113¾	....	....	113
N. P.	21¾	....	....	21¾
N. P. pfd	59¾	59¾	59¾	59¾
N. W.	117¾	117¾	117¾	117¾
N. C. O.	129¼	129½	129	129
O. M.	53	53½	52¾	53
P. M.	33¾	33½	33	33¼
R. T.	8¾	....	....	8¾
R. G.	59¾	59¾	58¾	58¾
R. I.	82	83¼	81¾	82¼
Silver	83	....	....	82¾
St. Paul	83¾	83¾	83¾	83¾
T. C. I.	34	34¾	34	35¼
Tex. P.	11	11¼	11	11¼
U. P.	39¾	39¾	39¼	39½
W. P.	25½	26¼	25½	25¾
W. U.	99¾	99¾	99¼	99¼
W. C.	17	....	....	17

*Ex-dividend, C. B. & Q., 1¼ per cent.

Trade.

Business in a general way during the past week has been of good proportion. The movement in boots and shoes was active. In other branches of business the merchants are doing well.

**Condition of the Grain